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George Cooper Abbes.

NOT a leaf nor even a chapter, but rather, so to speak, a volume, and almost an encyclopedia, of living unwritten local history, was lost on the morning of the 28th of March, 1878, when the Rev. George Cooper Abbes passed peacefully away from this world, at Cleadon Hall, half-way between Sunderland and South Shields, in his eightieth year. It is told of Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, that he said on his death-bed it was hard to die in spring; and certainly Mr. Abbes, but for his patient and perfect resignation, might well have had the same natural

feeling, with the noisy rooks busy building above his head, and the primroses bursting forth in bloom at the foot of the trees surrounding his sheltered mansion, by far the best old house in the neighbourhood. A truer lover of nature, in all her phases, never existed than this excellent old worthy, who was well-known all the country round, not only for his amiable eccentricities, but for his inexhaustible store of knowledge in every department of natural history, his rare stock of anecdote and folk-lore, his readiness to communicate what he knew, and his general kindness and urbanity.



Cleadon,
residence of
late Rev. G. C. Abbes.

George Cooper Abbes (who always spelt his name this way) was the eldest son of Mr. Bryan Abbs, and grandson of the Rev. Cooper Abbs, of Monkwearmouth, whom Hutchinson, in his "History of Durham," inserts in the list of curates of that parish, but who, says Surtees, had no other claim to that distinction than the circumstance of his gratuitously, and almost constantly, performing the duty, both regular and occasional, for the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who held the living, but was a perpetual absentee. The original family residence was the old "Red House," in Thomas Street, Monkwearmouth, not far from the Wheat Sheaf Inn. This house, which seems now going to wreck, was formerly the residence of some of the Hyltons, and the grandfather of the subject of our memoir, or perhaps rather his great-grandfather, is said to have been an intimate friend of the last of the Hyltons of that ilk, commonly called Baron Hylton. Mr. Abbes's father, Bryan Abbs, went to live at Cleadon Hall in 1813. The estate had been purchased from an Italian gentleman named Dagnia, who had built the mansion-house and laid out the gardens and grounds. Previous to removing thither, Mr. Abbs lived as tenant in more than one place in the County Palatine, and it was while he was temporarily occupying Walworth Castle, near Darlington, that his eldest son, George Cooper, first saw the light of day in the year 1798.

George Cooper's education began at a boarding-school for young boys, kept at the parsonage at Ovingham-on-Tyne by the vicar, the Rev. James Birkett. Here he was about a mile from Cherryburn, the birth-place of Thomas Bewick, with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted. From Ovingham he went to the famous boarding school at Witton-le-Wear, under the Rev. George Newby, which, like the Grammar School at Houghton-le-Spring, ranked among the best and largest boarding schools in the North of England, the head-master and his five assistants having generally under their care from eighty to ninety pupils, the "hopefuls" of the lower gentry and upper middle-class of the county. Here he had, amongst others, for school-fellows, the late Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mr. Frederick Horn, barrister-at-law, of Sunderland. From Witton-le-Wear, Mr. Abbes proceeded and progressed to the still more famous classical school at Richmond, then kept by the Rev. James Tate, A.M., who, during the thirty-seven years he was master there, sent forth many of the most distinguished men of his day. On leaving Richmond, Mr. Abbes entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in which he took his Bachelor's degree in 1821.

Having resolved to enter the Church, he was ordained deacon in 1823, the examiner, we believe, having been the afterwards well-known Dr. Philpotts, then Rector of Stanhope, who tackled him stoutly on the subject of baptismal regeneration and other polemical problems. Mr. Abbes was shortly afterwards ordained priest

by the then Bishop of Durham, Dr. Shute Barrington. His first curacy was at Dalton-le-Dale, under the Rev. William Smoult Temple, A.M., of Durham, a son of the Simon Temple, from whom Temple-town, South Shields, took its name, and who lived in great style for some time at Hylton Castle. He became curate of Gateshead, in 1825, under the Rev. John Collinson, afterwards rector of Boldon, and father of Admiral Collinson, the Arctic explorer. Here he lodged in West Street, a few doors above the house occupied by Thomas Bewick and his daughters. Mr. Abbes was at Gateshead during the first visitation of the cholera, and distinguished himself throughout the awful affliction by great activity, zeal, and fearlessness. He did nothing by halves, and, having a high idea of the importance of his functions, laboured, in season and out of season, to bring consolation to the bereaved as well as to the dying. The extensive parish of Gateshead was then undivided, and, seeing Mr. Abbes was the only curate, his parochial labours, irrespective of the cholera, were by no means light. A succeeding rector, who kept three curates, once expressed his surprise to Mr. Abbes that Mr. Collinson got through the work with only a single one. "Sir," said Mr. Abbes, "you are mistaken; Mr. Collinson was another curate himself!" Mr. Abbes is stated in a clergy list to have been curate of Whitburn in 1836, but this is believed to be a mistake. Living in the parish close by, he often "took duty," as it is termed, for Mr. Baker, who had married the daughter of Mr. Collinson. He did the same thing occasionally for the Rev. Richard Wallis ("Guinea Dick") at Seaham, and, during an illness, for the Rev. Benjamin Kennicott at Monkwearmouth. Mr. Abbes always preached plain practical good sense, and had a great aversion to ever preaching unprepared. Another thing which he could not abide was reading the prayers and lessons for the day in the style of an auctioneer's clerk reciting the articles of sale. He always read deliberately, distinctly, and reverently, taking the utmost possible pains to make the service impressive. He was the private chaplain of the Earl of Beverley when heir-presumptive to the princely dukedom of Northumberland. He never had a benefice, though he had in his gift a small living, with a net income of £49 per annum, at a place called Ingleby Arnescliff, between Stokesley and Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was a perpetual curacy, and Mr. Abbes, who had a small estate there, was the patron and lay improprator, but seldom, we believe, paid it a visit.

The truth was that hardly any preferment would have tempted him to leave Cleadon, which was within a walking distance (often walked) from both Dalton-le-Dale and Gateshead. Newcastle was another attraction, as it always is to those who have lived in or near it, or have mixed much with its people. Few men were better known at the library of the Lit. and Phil. in Westgate



GEORGE COOPER ABBES.

See "Monthly Chronicle," 1888, page 4.

From a Sketch by W. B. SCOTT.

Street, where he was sure of meeting literary friends. He was, as might be taken for granted, no mean classical scholar; but no ode of Horace ever pleased him half so much as some of our racy local songs, amongst which "Swallow Hopping," "Cappy," and "Spottee" were special favourites. All Mr. Abbes's friends and acquaintances were more or less scientific, or artistic, or literary. He was on intimate terms with Thomas Bewick, of whom he was a great admirer, as was likewise his younger brother, Mr. Cooper Abbs, clerk to the Sunderland magistrates, who was a keen dog fancier, and qualified to give the great artist hints as to dog portraiture, if, indeed, he had needed them. Mr. Abbes was also a great friend of Dr. Charlton, Dr. Bruce, Dr. Headlam, Dr. Brady, Mr. John Hancock, Mr. Joshua Alder, Mr. T. M. Richardson, Mr. William Bell Scott, Mr. Robert White, Mr. James Clephan—in fact, all the Newcastle and Tyneside notabilities. He was a competent geologist, and predicted the failure of an attempt made some thirty years ago to drain Boldon Flats by sinking down to a fissure in the limestone. He had a perfect repertory of plant lore, and could tell the virtues of every herb that grew in the neighbourhood.

The grounds in front of the Hall he had suffered to return almost to a state of nature, like those of Squire Waterton, the celebrated Yorkshire naturalist, the captor of the live cayman, with whom we believe he was well acquainted. It was, therefore, a favourite resort and breeding-place for the birds, including many rare species, such as the golden oriole, the siskin, and others not elsewhere seen or heard in the neighbourhood. They found an asylum there, such as was to be had nowhere else perhaps in the county. In fine weather Mr. Abbes would take his breakfast out of doors, with quite a company of feathered friends round him; and in winter time he regularly fed the birds, like Uncle Toby's disciples, so that some of those which would otherwise have migrated southward in the cold weather remained with him the whole year. Most of them were, indeed, about as tame as chickens. When a hawk was hovering in the air, they would flee to him for protection, and remain close beside him till the danger was passed. He knew all their haunts and habits, and could discourse lucidly about them. In the lower part of the grounds, surrounded and overhung by a dense thicket, there was a large pond abounding with water lilies, in which at one time there was a number of water hens; but some idle fellows from the neighbouring colliery robbed him of these. A like shameful trespass was committed by some of the navvies employed on the construction of the Tyne Piers. One time, a bird found its way through a broken pane (of which, by the by, there was generally a good number in the upper rooms), and built its nest on the mantel-piece. He would on no account allow it to be interfered with. As for the swallows, their nests were innumerable, and they came

back to them regularly year after year, so that many generations of the hirundine race were nurtured under his guardianship. Mr. Abbes made a point of never missing the meeting of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club, when held at Marsden, which was always one of his favourite resorts, and where in the last two or three years he met with congenial society, not only from Newcastle, but from Shields, Sunderland, and further afield.

When visited at home, he was generally to be seen walking about his grounds with a rake in his hand, to clear away whatever was out of place, or with a long pole instead of a staff, which he used for various purposes best known to himself. He would point out with some natural pride two larch trees, which he said had been brought from Italy by Mr. Dagnia, and were the first that were planted in this part of the country. Entering the house, you found it quite a museum, with curiosities of all kinds quite indescribable; and the floors of some of the rooms upstairs were literally carpeted with heaps of papers and pamphlets, which, if collected and bound in volumes, would have been invaluable to the local historian, but which, we understand, were, after Mr. Abbes's death, put into sacks and sent to the paper mill. One of the rooms was fitted up with furniture brought from Hylton Castle, a reminiscence of the old barons. Mr. Abbes used to tell that the two "Babbies," as they were styled, which now adorn Roker Park, were brought over by his ancestors, with ten more, from Germany, and set up to adorn the entrance of their house in Monkwearmouth. Mr. Abbes's knowledge of men and things was wonderful. On scarcely any subject could he be said to be absolutely devoid of information. Besides, he loved to talk, and no man could talk better or be better worth hearing. When discussing geological subjects, he always contrived to steer clear of Moses. Once when asked by a pert young gentleman if he did not think the six days of creation must have been very much longer than our days, he replied:—"Well, sir, you have the story as I have it. I wasn't there when the world was made, and neither my father nor my grandfather was. You can consult the good old book for yourself." He had no patience with pretentious humbug, but was very tolerant of modest mediocrity. An earnest inquirer could scarcely go wrong to him; but he took no interest in the theological hair-splitting, and avoided all points of controversy through his natural good manners.

Many stories are told of what may perhaps be called the eccentric ways of Mr. Abbes. Thus it is said that he was so much absorbed in study at times that he even forgot the day of the week. One Sunday morning, according to popular report, he inquired in Bridge Street, Sunderland, why the shops were closed! One of Mr. Abbes's weaknesses was an insurmountable dislike to have his portrait taken, and when Sir

Walter Calverley Trevelyan asked him to sit for a painting now at Wallington—one of a series of historical pieces by Mr. W. B. Scott—he only consented on the understanding that the artist should not make a portrait, but only a general resemblance. Mr. Scott, however, made an exact and admirable likeness of him, in the character of “St. Outhbert refusing the Bishopric of Lindisfarne.” It is from a charming sketch of this portrait, kindly furnished us by the artist himself, that our engraving is taken.

Cleadon Hall, in Mr. Abbes's time, had all the appearance of a haunted house. So completely were the trees and shrubs allowed to have their own way that the front door was almost blocked up. Mr. Abbes once told a friend that some of the trees had spoiled his peaches. “But,” said he, “one can always buy peaches; not so with trees.” Mr. H. C. Abbs, the present proprietor, nephew of the genial old naturalist, has of course much reduced the redundancy of nature. The hall at present (as may be seen from the accompanying sketch, for which we are greatly indebted to Mr. Robert Blair) has a pleasant and picturesque aspect.

The Toad in a Hole.



GERMS of life, visible and invisible to the naked eye, wander through space. They float in the atmosphere of our planet, drift in its tides, and fill its stagnant pools. Percolating water bears along with it these beginnings of animated life; and there is no recess of the earth beyond their reach. Not your dull toad alone finds himself, on the threshold of his career, inhabiting strange quarter, dark and deep; no crevice or cranny of the globe but has its occupants of various kinds; although to him alone, by popular belief, is it especially assigned to be the tenant for centuries of solid blocks of stone. All other creatures have their term. They begin and cease to be, their brief lives bounded by a mortal span. But he, privileged beyond the rest, may live for ages without food or fuel, an alien from the outer air! “Rooted and slumbering through a dream of life,” cycles of time are his, only ending in his fatal discovery. In his living tomb, dark and profound, he is safe. But ever and anon the toad—the “toad in a hole”—comes to the surface in the newspapers, like the floating island of Derwentwater, and is paragraphed and perishes. Some may have the hardihood to deny that he was ever immured in the heart of the rock from which he is said to have been set free, but these are a minority. It is vain to contend with the majority; vain to argue that if accessible to the air he must breathe and die, for that life is but the beginning of death; while, on the other hand, it is impossible for him to exist in suspended animation for centuries, and return to active life when the walls of his dungeon are rent asunder. The advocates of the “toad in a hole” will

point to the cavity here, the crawler there, and triumphantly ask you to get over these two facts if you can. He offers you a nut to crack, and defies you to the teeth, confident that your grinders will never meet over the problem. “For an elucidation of the history of toads buried for ages, as conjectured, in stones, or in the heart of giant trees,” (we quote the *National Cyclopaedia*,) “see Dr. Buckland in *Zoological Journal*, vol. v. His experiments prove that under utter deprivation of air and food the toad soon perishes.” Yet despite this proof, some new edition of the old story is ever having its currency and credence. The toad continues to be dislodged from his hole, and transferred to paper and print, as the years roll on; and so long as the world is in love with wonders, he and his orifice in the rock will have their day. We have had the curiosity to make a note of his appearances for a considerable course of time; and here at our elbow we have both toad and frog, who are close cousins, embedded in sandstone and marble; in coal and chalk; in the stones of ancient buildings; in trees, and tar, and potatoes! The schoolboy, exhibiting his knowledge of natural history, rattles out the rhyme:—

In fir tar is, in oak none is;
In mud eels is, in clay none is.

But your toad is in everything. He is ubiquitous. Everywhere he is turning up. The only question is as to his turning out. He makes his appearance on a hundred unexpected occasions; but was he the living inhabitant of every hole in tree or stone which claims to have harboured him for untold generations? That venerable antiquary, Abraham de la Pryme, whose *Diary* forms one of the volumes of the Surtees Society, carries us back to a Sunday in 1697 (May 23), when he was at Brigg, and met “a very ingenious countryman,” who told him that “a while ago he himself saw a huge ash tree cut in two, in the very heart of which was a toad, which dy’d as soon as it got out. There was no place for it to get in. All was as firm about it as could be. I have heard,” adds the Yorkshire diarist, “of a great many toads that have been found so likewise.” And others have been hearing the same, from the days of the Stadtholder to own. That the “ingenious countryman” saw the prisoner in his tomb may very well have been; and the bystanders may have fancied the poor toad to have died in the moment of his liberation; but it is not in the course of nature that he should have lived till the sawyer came to set him free; and the naturalist may be left to more than doubt. Taking possession of the hole in his youth, the toad grew bigger while his doorway diminished; and he was gradually grown in.

The “toad in a hole” belongs, like the Sea Serpent, to the romance of nature. There is no knowing where or when his house will open. No magician has more strange or unexpected surprises than the toad. He springs up in the most unlooked-for places. As the conjuror amazes

his audience by discovering some borrowed coin or trinket enclosed in box within box, the hermit toad has been found in hole within hole. When enterprise was on foot among the magnesian cliffs of the coast of the County Palatine, and cutting operations were in progress in "Spottee's Hole," renowned in northern song, "a small round hole was reached, and out hopped a fine lively toad, looking as though he had lived on the fat of the land, instead of occupying a barren inheritance in the middle of a limestone rock." There had the hermit dwelt,

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
joint tenant with "Spottee," the one all unconscious of
the near presence of the other; the occupier of the smaller
tenement much quieter, moreover, than the restless hero
of the Bishopric Garland!

In this age of steam, when railways are made in all directions, and villages transformed into towns, the toad has less secure possession of his retreats than in former times. The "navvy," drawing long furrows on the face of mother earth—"delving his parallels" with pick and spade—displaces a multitude of living things, the secluded toad suffering his full share of this summary eviction. The quarryman bores into the massive walls and floors of the sphere on which we are whirling round the sun, and prepares his shot. The charge is fired; the rock flies in pieces; and the scored toad scampers from the wreck, if we may use a verb so active to express his hastened crawl. The instant inference is drawn that the genius of gunpowder has freed the fugitive from his ancient abode in the shattered mass; his hole discoverable, with a little ingenuity, among the fragments lying all round about.

The toad is not a very lively-looking animal, yet how great the activity which he gives to the imagination! Where'er he takes his walks abroad, thoughts of his "hole" pursue him; and it is apt to be supposed that he has escaped from "central gloom." On a spring morning in a year long gone, he was met on the Town Moor, with a rumour at his heels that he had just been exhumed from solid clay. Fortunately, a careful inquirer was at hand, and he was traced back to a very different haunt. He had been discovered by some workmen in a drain about a dozen years old, "very large, and apparently in first-rate condition, so that," as a Newcastle journal observed at the time, "it evidently had been within the influence of the elements of life."

Yes; toad or trencherman, "the elements of life" must reach the table, or there will soon be an end of the one or the other. Yet the world was excited, some twenty years ago, by the story of a toad that had spent fifty or sixty centuries buried in a rock! "The means whereby we live" were wanting, and still his life had been prolonged. "A toad 6,000 years old!" was the newspaper heading of the amazing chronicle. The animal had been "embedded in a block of magnesian limestone stratum, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth."

Cut out of its ancient bed by a wedge, the mass was being reduced in size by a workman, "when a pick split open the cavity in which the toad had been incarcerated." "Full of vivacity" was this Rip Van Winkle of the rock, and, "appeared, when first discovered, desirous to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a 'barking' noise, which it continued invariably to make on being touched."

The discovery having been made in April, the wags did not fail to circulate the joke that the toad had come to light when the month was young. Never was any member of its race the subject of greater attention. It was paragraphed in all directions; it was photographed; it was lodged in an aquarium at the Hartlepool Museum, and the observed of all observers. Three months long it had a succession of visitors, till at the close of the month of June it died, not without suspicion of foul play, on the day of a railway trip from Newcastle. It then became the subject of verse in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. The first toad, perchance, that had ever been photographed, it was probably the first also to have its epitaph written. Within three days of its death there appeared an

EPITAPH ON "THE TOAD."

Here lies a toad which lived and grewed
Deep in a Permian bed,
All in the dark, before the ark
Was floating overhead.

A workman hit the rock; it split;
And from his ancient night
The hermit toad now crawled abroad,
And saw at last the light.

This lonely soul had kept his hole
Six thousand years, they say;
Or more or less; they cannot guess
His lifetime to a day.

But sure this toad must well have knowed
The times before the Flood;
So old the stone around him grown,
Where he'd ne'er air nor food.

Long ages used to be refused
Meat, drink, and candlelight,
How well he could have stoutly stood
A stubborn jury fight!

Kept in the dark, without a spark
Of light, or air one breath,
His living tomb had nought of gloom,
Nor fear of life or death.

But when his night gave place to light,
And an aquarium cool
He for his hot old quarters got,
At briny Hartlepool;

And poor old toad, who'd never knowed
What "company" was before,
Must lionize before all eyes,
He found this world a bore.

Three months of sight, and air, and light
Destroyed the vital spark
Of him who'd borne, without one morn,
Six thousand years of dark.

Farewell, poor toad! thy weary load
Of sun and moon shine o'er,
Nought harms thee now: the hammer's blow
Shall break thy sleep no more.

MORAL.

Don't rudely move old friends you love,
If you'd prolong their days:
Humans, like toads, can't stand inroads
Upon their lifelong ways.

The popular mind places no limits to the existence of toads in the bosom of the earth. The Deluge is not older than the "oldest inhabitants" of the rocks. Before the largest island of the seas was discovered by civilized man, there were numbers of them immured in its subterranean chambers; and since it received its name of Australia toads have come to light under circumstances which seem to countenance the common belief. One of our paragraphs tells us of frogs that have been found in the gold diggings. In the "Golden Horn" claim of Geelong, two hundred feet down, they were met with in blue stone; but not one of them could rival the frog discovered in the country which "whips creation." There, some years ago, the toad stories of the Old World were decisively trumped; for not only was "a frog knocked out of an envelope of stone, where he had been quietly inurned for hundreds of years," but "an ancient Aztec coin was knocked out of the frog!" There was a likeness and legend on the piece, and it would have been interesting and instructive if they could have been identified; but, unhappily, no one could say whose image it was, or what the inscription!

Prior to this marvellous American coinage, forming a fact at once for the naturalist and numismatist, there had occurred a remarkable surprise on the shores of the Tyne. In a cask which had been six months in bond was discovered a large toad immersed in Archangel tar; and "it was supposed that it had existed as found for nine months." So addicted is this animal to make its way into strange, out-of-the-way places! No hollow would be left in the barrel by this hapless member of the intrusive family, to mark the spot of its long sojourn. Others of its kind, whose story immures them in marble or other monumental material, have abiding beds—nests in the rock—to which appeal can be made in maintenance of the fact. Such, for example, is the case of the Northumbrian toad commemorated in county history. The tale is told by Wallis and Hutchinson. It is quoted in Gough's *Camden* (1789):—"In one of the ground rooms of Chillingham Castle is a marble chimneypiece, in sawing which was found a live toad. The nidus in which he lay has been since plastered over. The other part, with the same mark, makes a chimneypiece at Horton." Hutchinson, moralising on the marvel, exclaims, "How incomprehensible is the existence of this animal!—shut up in the bosom of a mountain, cased in a rock of marble, perhaps a hundred feet from the surface; living without air, or such only as should pervade the veins of this stone; existing without other diet than the dews which might pass through the texture of marble; deprived of animal consolations, without light, without liberty, without an associate of its kind. If deposited here when the matter

which enclosed it was soft, and before it gained its consistency as marble, how many years ought we to number in its life; for multitudes of years must have passed to reduce any soft substance, in a course of nature, to the state of this stone? One may ask, why did it not perish in the universal wreck of animal existence? and at what age of the world were these mountains of marble first formed? The inquiry leads to a maze of perplexity; like the ingenious Mr. Brydson's inspection of the strata of Etnæan lava, all adopted chronology sinks in the view; and years are extended on the age of creation beyond everything but Chinese calculation."

Nothing is too wonderful to be told of the toad. It has even been affirmed of him, after his discovery in some hole, that he had no mouth! But, breathing through his coat when he chooses—skin and lungs acting in harmonious concert—he can afford to keep his mouth close shut. Let no unwary fly, however, come too near. The threshold of a spider's parlour is a less perilous spot. The lips swiftly part; the victim is whisked within them; and the sly toad seems to have no mouth as before.

One more story about him and we have done. We have seen in what singular places he is to be found. Weird and "uncanny" in his aspect, his attitude is characteristically described in Milton's well-known line,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

People are ready to receive any story that is told of him, and wide acceptance has been given to the strange supposition that he can live for ages hermetically sealed in the rocky framework of the hills! Gravely was related in a court of law, in the last century, a tale of a toad which revives our youthful recollections of the "Arabian Nights." It has the sparkle of our old friend of the Wonderful Lamp. Surely Aladdin discovered not in his cave anything more dazzling than "the toad in the hole" in Building Hill! In Garbutt's *History of Sunderland* the author adverts to the trial that took place in the last century, in the course of which one of the witnesses, a woman, having stated that her father went to the hill at night, and saw a "Waugh," proceeded to say that when a man of the name of Coward was "digging this rock about ninety years before, he found in a cavity, several fathoms from the surface, a large toad alive, with a nob in its head as big as an egg, full of diamonds, and thereby got a great deal of money!" This discovery carries us back to the preceding century, beyond the day when the Yorkshire antiquary was making his note of the "ingenious countryman" and the "huge ash tree," and recalls the belief that existed in the world in Shakespeare's time—an article of popular faith immortalised by his alchemy in lines of gold:—

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

Not a solitary gem, however, but a whole cluster, shone in the forehead of the toad whose prison-house was broken

open by the Fortunatus of Building Hill! The romance fitly closes our article. It forms a brilliant chapter in the history of "The Toad in a Hole"—a history which well exemplifies the nimbleness of the human mind in jumping from solid facts to conclusions which they will not carry, and which must necessarily give way.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

Sir Guy the Seeker.

ALL who have travelled by land or sea, road or rail, between Newcastle and Berwick are likely to have seen Dunstanborough Castle. It stands on a conical eminence, close to the sea, about six and a half miles north-east of Alnwick. It must have been a noble structure once, but nothing now remains of it above ground except the out-works on the west and south sides, which, with the stupendous sea-cliffs on the verge of which it is built, enclose a square area of about nine acres. When beheld from the sea, it is a very striking object, and it is not less interesting when closely examined. The whinstone rocks on the north side rise in a columnar form, "black and horrible," many feet sheer; and on the east side, where the castle wall has been undermined and carried away by the sea, they are still more rugged. The waves make fierce assaults in stormy weather against the foot of the cliffs, particularly in one place called the Rumbling Churn, a perpendicular gulley or chasm in the rocks, sixty feet long and forty feet deep, which has a very awful appearance when viewed from the walls of the eastern tower, which is still standing.

Dunstanborough was probably a British stronghold, and afterwards a Roman castellum. The Angles and Danes doubtless occupied it when they held Northumberland, and it seems to have had its name from them. But it is not mentioned in history till the early part of the fourteenth century (A.D. 1315), when it was rebuilt by Thomas Earl of Lancaster, general of the Confederate Army against Edward II., and the most opulent and powerful subject in Europe in his time. In his family it remained, with one short break after his death, till the year 1492, when Edward IV., fighting against Queen Margaret and her Lancastrian adherents, took it by storm after three days' assault, dismantled it, and as much as possible battered it into ruins, in which state it has ever since continued. It appears by the escheats of Queen Elizabeth to have been in the possession of the Crown in her reign. James I. granted it to the Greys of Wark, but it is now the property of the Earl of Tankerville.

Tradition has not failed to people Dunstanborough with beings shadowy and terrific. Lewis, whose misdirected genius produced the "Monk," and who, by the publication of his "Tales of Wonder," first brought the

high talents of Sir Walter Scott into notice, has versified one of these legends in his tale of "Sir Guy the Seeker," which he wrote while staying at Howick, the Seat of Earl Grey, in the near neighbourhood. Mr. James Service, of Chatton, published in 1820 a poem on the same subject, called "The Wandering Knight of Dunstanborough." A third version, which has not, however, been printed, so far as we know, was written by Robert Owen, formerly of North Shields. And, fourthly, in the "Metrical Legends" there is a poem by William Gill Thompson, called "The Coral Wreath, or the Spell-Bound Knight," in which the author has freed the fair captive of Dunstanborough, still left enchanted in the other ballads. Lewis's version—of which, we must confess, we do not think very much, though it is perhaps the best of the four—has been often reprinted, and has also been translated into the German, Danish, and other languages.

Plainly told, the legend is this:—A beautiful captive dame lies enchanted in a crystal tomb, in a vast subterranean hall. It is somewhere under the castle ruins, but no one can tell exactly where. She is bound by the spell of the potent wizard Merlin, and can be disenchanted only by some valiant Christian knight, whose task it shall be to penetrate into that dreadful place—to brave the supernatural beings he will encounter there, such as fiery serpents, dragons, ban-dogs, lions, phantoms, and incarnate fiends—and to cut the worse than gordian knot of the poor lady's destiny by means of the Damascus blade, with its handle crusted over with rare jewels, and the horn of ivory, silver-mounted, which he will find hanging in the hall, and of which he must make very good use.

Sir Guy, who had shed Paynim blood on the vine-clad hills of Andalusia in the wars against the Moors, was travelling in these parts one winter night, when he was overtaken by a dreadful storm in the neighbourhood of Dunstanborough. Hurrying towards the castle, which loomed through the darkness in ruined pageantry on its lofty sea-girt mound, he made his courser fly up the hill, hoping to find some shelter. But he sought it long in vain. Each portal was fast barred, and proof against his efforts. At length, however, he descried a porch, close beside a lonely yew tree which threw its baleful branches around the place. Binding his Barbary steed to the trunk of this tree, he took refuge under the doorway, laid aside his casque, shook the rain from its plume, and waited in mournful mood for two mortal hours, expecting the tempest to cease. When lo! at the midnight hour, which spirits call their own, the door was suddenly burst open by a thunderbolt, revealing the innermost recesses of the mysterious vault, which he was invited to enter by a grizzly-bearded old giant enveloped in flames. "With beckoning hand, which flamed like a brand," this hellish apparition led the way, and Sir Guy followed, as in honour bound. Ever close in front and on all sides there were sights and sounds unearthly or terrific; but nothing could daunt the brave adventurer. He pushed on till he

reached the place where the enchanted lady lay, in a lofty crystal tomb, between two giant skeleton kings, one of whom held a falchion in his right hand, and the other held a horn in his.

A form more fair than that prisoner's ne'er
Since the days of Eve was known ;
Every glance that flew from her eyes of blue
Was worth an Emperor's throne ;
And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips
Would have melted a heart of stone.

Pity, love, and rage almost robbed Sir Guy of his reason. There was no way of bursting that crystal wall but breaking the enchanter's spell, and no way of breaking that but using the sword and trumpet aright. It was left to his own option which to use first, and unfortunately, as in all such cases, he decided wrong. He seized the trumpet and blew a loud note, when suddenly the lights were extinguished. The cries of defiance he had heard before were changed to those of derision, and voices came from all sides of the vault, mocking the craven who called for aid when his own right hand should have achieved the adventure. A blue and dank vapour, "whose poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death," diffused through the air. The knight sank senseless; and when morning dawned, and Sir Guy awoke, he found himself lying in the porch, with his limbs stiff as with rheumatism, and his horse still tethered to the yew tree.

But still in his heart he felt the dart
Which shot from the captive's eyes,

and with his mental eye he still saw the huge chests of gold and silver, which, together with the lady's hand, would have been his guerdon had he freed her from Merlin's spell. So he sprang from the ground, and began to run hither and thither among the ruins, peeping into

each nook and cranny with an anxious eye. But though he wandered about hour after hour, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, never again could he find the winding stair up which he climbed to see the enchanted lady. For to no one is it given to have a second chance of winning that lady's hand and the wealth that will go along with it.

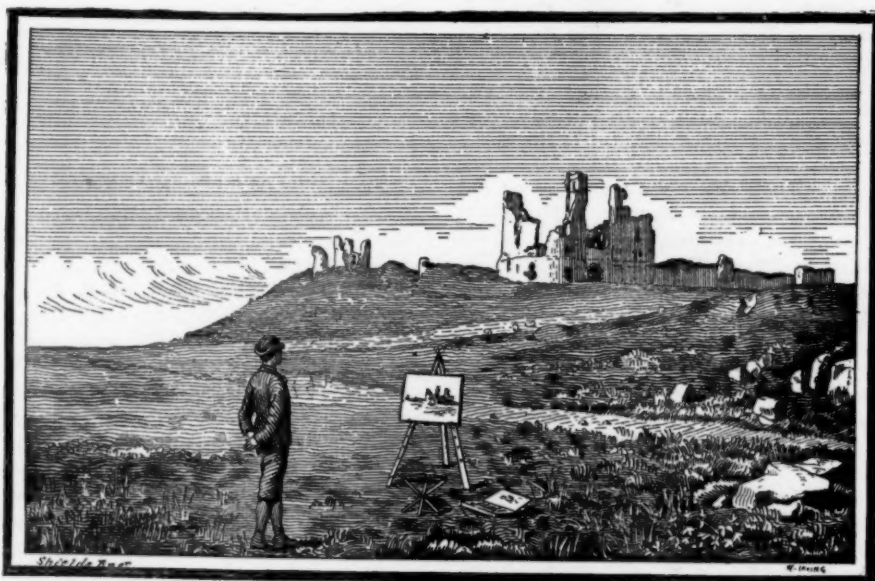
Far from being overcome with his ill success, however, or abandoning his vain pursuit in despair, Sir Guy continued, as long as he lived, to wander up and down the ruined castle.

The earliest ray of dawning day
Beheld his search begun ;
The evening star mounted her car,
Nor yet his search was done.

And when he died and was buried in the nearest churchyard, his ghost still continued to walk the earth.

So still he seeks, and aye he seeks,
And seeks, and seeks in vain ;
And still he repeats to all he meets,
"Could I find the sword again !"
Which words he follows with a groan,
As if his heart would break ;
And oh ! that groan has so strange a tone,
It makes all hearers quake.
The villagers round know well its sound,
And when they hear it poured,
"Hark, hark !" they cry, "the seeker Guy
Groans for the wizard's sword !"

There is not an old crone in the parish of Embleton that has ever heard tell of the lady being disenchanted, as William Gill Thompson fancifully represents her to have been. So that, if she was ever there at all, she is most likely there still. No boy about Dunstanborough likes to go near the castle after nightfall, for he might happen to see Guy. "He never meddles wi' onnybody," he will say, "but aa wad rather not hev his company."



DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

Cockle Park Tower.

COCKLE PARK TOWER stands about three or four miles north from Morpeth, on the right hand side of the great North Road.

It was formerly a mansion or manor-house of the Bertrams, barons of Mitford, who held it in the time of Edward I. as a dependency of the barony of Bothal, in which parish it is situated. It was built according to the fashion of most of the ancient capital dwellings in the county of Northumberland, that is, with a redoubt or permanent fort, to which the tenants on the estate might retire for safety, and under which they might drive their flocks and herds upon a sudden invasion of Scots or mosstroopers.

Grose, in his account of the place, says:—"These robbers (the mosstroopers) lurked about the large uncultivated heaths between the two countries, and indifferently made incursions into either; taking shelter in England when they had plundered the Scots, and flying into Scotland with their booty taken from the English; by which means they carried on their depredations with impunity;

the mutual animosity of the two nations not suffering to see it was their common interest to destroy such abandoned miscreants. The usual object was cattle; not but that they sometimes carried off men, women, and children, from whom they often exacted considerable sums for ransom. On account of the first, that is, the frequent incursions of the Scots, persons inhabiting within twelve miles of Scotland were, by Act of Parliament, permitted to keep in their houses cross-bows, hand-guns, hacbutts, and demi-hakes; and against the second, divers laws were enacted in the reign of James I., when an Act passed for the abolishing of hostilities between the English and the Scots, both being then subjects of the same king. Notwithstanding these, the mosstroopers, taking advantage of the confusion previous to the Civil War, again grew formidable, insomuch that in the 14th of Charles I. an Act of Parliament was passed purposely for their suppression, wherein they are described as lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, bred and residing in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, taking advantage of large waste grounds, heaths, and mosses. By another Act, which was to remain in force for five years, from Michaelmas,



COCKLE PARK TOWER, NORTHUMBERLAND.

1662, the justices of these two counties were authorised to levy sums of money within their respective jurisdictions—that raised in Northumberland not to exceed £500 per annum, nor in Cumberland £200—with which money they were to hire thirty able men for Northumberland and twelve for Cumberland, who were to search for and apprehend these robbers, and bring them to justice. To guard against these and other incursions, persons were stationed on high towers or other eminences, who, by blowing a horn, alarmed the country, and gave notice of the coming enemy. By this service, called *cornage*, they held certain lands; as it seems, occasionally received pecuniary stipends; a tax or imposition for *cornage* being formerly payable out of many estates in this or other bordering counties."

Standing on an eminence—the Cock Law—the building seen in our sketch was eminently fitted to serve the purpose of a watch tower. In Speed's map, it is called *Cockley Tower*, and is surrounded by a park. It has now rather a naked appearance, having no plantations round it; but it has long been useful as a sea mark. Our view shows the north and east fronts. The outside dimensions of the east front are about 78 feet, of the north 54. The oldest part of the structure is the tower, which projects about 9 feet from the other apartments, and has round corbelled turrets at the north-east and north-west corners; the corbels are also continued between the turrets, where they have supported a machicolated parapet, used for pouring boiling lead, pitch, hot water, &c., upon the assailants. The south-east corner of the tower contains a circular stone staircase, bearing the arms of Ogle quartering Bertram, with the usual crest and supporters of the Lords Ogle, which show that no part of the present building is older than 1461, in which year Sir Robert Ogle was advanced to the dignity of the peerage.

"William of Cookperce" was one of the Border English knights appointed in 1241 to sit with twelve Scottish knights, to make laws for the regulation of the marches between the two kingdoms; and the Lawson copy of the aid granted to Henry III. to knight his eldest son makes "*Cockeloke*" one of the manors of the Bothal barony. But the catalogue of fortresses in Northumberland made in the beginning of the reign of Henry VI. notices no tower or *fortalice* as existing here at that time. "On my visit here in 1810," says Mr. Hodgson, "I was told that Mr. Brown, agent to the Duke of Portland, and brother to the celebrated Capability Brown, had heard an account that the southern part of the building had, some five hundred years ago, been destroyed by fire. Such an event may have occurred, but tradition is a great amplifier of time. Traces of arches of windows are certainly observable above the entrance, where some considerable repairs or enlargement of the building have been made. I was also at the same time assured by the farmer of the

place, who resided in the tower, and was an intelligent and observant person, that the building had formerly extended further to the south, as strong underground foundations still testify; but a stone which he showed us, bearing the arms of Ogle quartering Bertram, proved that the building in which it had been placed could not be older than the time of the marriage of Sir Robert de Ogle and Helen Bertram, the heiress of Bothal, about the year 1360, though it might be much more recent. The windows (one above another for three stories on the east side), as given by Grose, were square-headed, and divided into four lights with mullions, and having transoms of stone, in the same way that the mullions of six lights, now walled up, are on the west front. They are of the style of the sixteenth century, in the forty-third year of which Sir Robert Ogle, Lord Ogle, among other possessions, by will settled Cockell Park and Tower upon his wife Jeyne, with remainder after her death to her son Outhbert for life. Prior to that time they had been in the occupancy of the Lady Anne Ogle, mother of this Sir Robert, who was slain at the battle of Ancrum Moor a few days after making his will." The present windows of the south and east sides were put in about the year 1780. A projection on the west side of the tower, which had small windows in it, fell in 1823, when the opening thus occasioned was filled up in a line with the rest of the wall; and the mantel-piece of one of the two curious old chimneys formerly in the tower, and cleverly decorated with dentils and mouldings, was inserted high up in the gap, on the outside, by way of curiosity and ornament.

Regular occupancy as a farm-house has preserved this edifice from the fate that has befallen many of its kind—that is, from falling to ruin. For, being no longer needed for defence, these Border towers, so characteristic of the rude and troublous times in which they were raised, are now mere picturesque objects in a peaceful landscape, where their existence only serves to bring the past in striking contrast with the present, and to heighten the gratitude of the dwellers in the Border lands for the peace and security they now enjoy. "In such houses," said Lord Monboddo to Dr. Johnson, when they were standing before his wild-looking tower in Scotland, "our ancestors lived, and truly were better men than we." "No," said the doctor, "we are as strong as they, and a great deal wiser."

The manor passed, as we have intimated, from the Bertrams to the Ogles in the reign of Edward III., when Robert Bertram, Governor of Newcastle and Sheriff of Northumberland, died without male issue, and his daughter and heiress, Helen, married Sir Robert Ogle, and transferred her barony of Bothal and its dependencies to her husband's family. His son, also Robert, afterwards settled it upon his younger son John, whom he surnamed Bertram, being desirous that his estate should go in that name, and his

posterity enjoyed it till his male issue failed in Cuthbert, Lord Ogle, whereupon Catherine, his daughter and heiress, who had married Sir Charles Cavendish, Knight, brought it into the possession of the family of the Earl of Oxford, through the marriage of the Lady Margaret Cavendish, daughter and heiress of Henry Cavendish, who was the son and heir of William, first Duke of Newcastle, to Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, founder of the Harleian Library, who died in 1741, when the baronial honours and estates, including Cocklaw Park, devolved on the Portland family, by the marriage of the only daughter and heiress of this pair to William, third Duke of Portland.

The Cockle Park Tragedy.

Cockle Park was the scene of a dreadful parricide in 1845. On the 9th of December in that year, a man named Robert Joicey, sixty-seven years of age, died suddenly in one of the cottages attached to the farm; and, in consequence of suspicious circumstances, his son Ralph, who lived with him, was soon after apprehended and charged with his murder.

The deceased, who had been a shepherd on the neighbouring farm of Tridlington, occupied by Mr. Davidson, removed from that place in the month of May preceding, together with his wife Isabella, his son, who had got a situation as hind at Cockle Park, and a young woman named Euphemia Johnson, who was engaged to serve as bondager. Euphemia stayed only a short time, and then Ann Richardson came and stayed till Martinmas. The old man's daughter Margaret came home in August, so that after that there were five of a family. They all lived in one room, and, putting feminine delicacy out of the question, they seem to have been a quarrelsome lot. There was likewise a good deal of illness in the house. Old Joicey, who had now no regular employment, was ill in the summer with pains in the arms and pricking in his fingers; and his wife also was often unwell. In October, they were both attended by Dr. Arthur Hedley, of Felton, who at sundry times supplied them with medicine, that had been left till it could be forwarded at a public-house called the Portland Arms, on the road between Morpeth and Felton, and about two miles from Cockle Park. On one occasion, about the latter end of November, the old shepherd went to see the doctor at his own house, and brought home a box of pills and some powders, which he took. The pills were a compound of aloes, jalap, rhubarb, ginger, soap, Epsom salts, and carbonate of magnesia; the powders were common effervescent powders.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 1st of December, a neighbour named Isabella Brown, wife of Thomas Brown, labourer, brought in a light parcel about the size of an ounce of tea, and it was found to contain, when opened, two unequally sized powders, the larger one of a slate

colour, the smaller of a snuff colour. She said she had got it from a lad named John Mitchinson, to whom it had been handed by the people at the public-house. These people stated that it had been left there by a man in a fustian coat, with a plaid wrapped round him, whom they did not know in the dark, as he walked briskly away, but who had told them it was for old Joicey from Dr. Hedley.

Thinking all was right, Joicey mixed the larger powder with gin, drank it off, and went to bed. This was about nine o'clock. His wife followed him a few minutes after, and found him apparently fast asleep. She fell asleep likewise. But about half-past ten o'clock, she was awakened by her husband making, as she afterwards expressed it, "a great work." He was, in fact, groaning and writhing in pain. On asking him what was the matter, he said he was sick, and instantly began to vomit. He vomited a good deal, and continued doing so till about four in the morning, when the paroxysm abated for a while. The second powder—the snuff-coloured one—was not taken, as the other had made him so ill. Joicey told his wife she might burn it if she had a mind, so she put it into the fire.

On the Tuesday morning, the old man still continuing dreadfully sick and ill, Mrs. Joicey desired her son Ralph, who was going in company with another hind to Newton-on-the-Moor, to call on Dr. Hedley as he went through Felton, and tell him what had happened. Ralph promised to do so, and when he came back in the afternoon he brought a dozen powders, one of which was to be taken every four hours.

On the Sunday night, the old man being in great agony, Dr. Hedley was sent for express (Ralph being the messenger) by Mr. Dickinson, the Duke of Portland's bailiff, who had heard from Walter Weallans, the farm steward, how ill the patient was. Dr. Hedley came about midnight, and at once went to see Joicey in company with Weallans and Dickinson. The patient told him that he had never been well since he had taken one of the powders that had come from the Portland Arms. Dr. Hedley was much astonished at this, for he had never sent any powders. He thought at the time that the old man was suffering from metallic or irritant poison; but how he had taken it, or by whom it had been administered, he had, of course, no idea.

A paper was slipped into his hand, however, by some one in the house, and he handed it to Mr. Dickinson to keep, as he was a constable. Another was brought to the bailiff next day by a lad named John Thompson, who had found it in the pocket of an old overcoat belonging to young Joicey that was hanging up in the stable. These papers turned out to be in the young man's handwriting. One of them read as follows:—

Ralph Joicey is the man that did the deed, and bought the Arsenic on Creton (Creighton) the Chemist,

and there was jallop in amongst it; there was no one auquent (acquainted) with it but my self. It was bought about two months since for the purpus, and there is sun ling (lying) in abus between Casey Park road end and the turn of the hellem bank, on the west side of the road in a buss near the helm turn in a bleu paper.

Next day, Monday, old Joicey grew worse. Remedies had no effect, and he died about eleven o'clock at night. Ralph was present at the time, and seemed very much affected.

The father and son, it was notorious, had long been on bad terms. Ralph had on several occasions been heard to say that his father was an out-of-the-way man; that he wished to God he was gone from the place a corpse; that he should not shed a tear. A great noise of voices was often heard in the cottage. Sometimes it was the old couple that had a row. At other times old Joicey and his daughter fought. During the month of October, Dr. Hedley, called in to attend Mrs. Joicey, asked her if she had taken anything to make her unwell. Then Ralph spoke up, and said the cause of her illness was bad treatment she had suffered from her husband. The daughter said the same thing. The old man repelled the charge; but the wife shook her fist and said he was not speaking the truth.

On Saturday, the 13th December, five days after old Joicey's death, Mr. Weallans was sent for to the cottage. Ralph and his sister Margaret were there. Ralph told him he had sent for him to confess. "Confess what?" said Mr. Weallans. "I did the deed!" was the reply. "What deed?" asked the other. "I poisoned my father," was the rejoinder. Ralph went on to say there was no other person guilty but himself. Asked what was his motive, he replied that he was so much irritated by the old man almost pushing him into the fire one night that he made up his mind to go to Morpeth and purchase some stuff to settle him. Having got some arsenic and jalap at the shop of a chemist in Morpeth named Creighton, he went straight through the fields to the Portland Arms Inn, and gave it to a young woman there to be sent at the first opportunity to Cockle Park, after which he came home by Tritlington. He also told Weallans there was part of the stuff in a thorn bush on the west side of the road, near the Helm-on-the-Hill turn. Weallans having told him he would be under the necessity of telling Mr. Dickinson, who was a constable, what he had just confessed to him, Ralph said he would leave the place, but he would like to take his clothes with him.

No means having been taken to stop the self-condemned murderer, he absconded that night, and made his way to Newcastle. There he was apprehended at three o'clock next morning, in his brother's house in Hutton's Court, Pilgrim Street. On the road to Morpeth gaol, the prisoner recapitulated what he had told Mr. Weallans, adding that he got no peace, for he

thought he saw his father wherever he was. The constable searched his prisoner, and found a couple of razors in a case, £3 13s. 6d. in money, and a paper on which was written "To Carlisle—to Liverpool—and then to New York."

On February 26, 1846, Ralph Joicey was tried and convicted before Mr. Justice Coleridge. The facts we have summarised and thrown into narrative form came out in evidence, as did many more particulars not material to the case. We may mention, however, that just about a week after old Joicey died, Thomas Brown, another of the hinds at Cockle Park, having been to Newton for lime, made a search on his way back on the west side of the turnpike road, near the Helm-on-the-Hill turn, and there, in a thorn bush at the dyke side, he found a parcel containing some powder, as indicated in the scrap of writing quoted above. The powder was handed to an analytical chemist, by whom it was pronounced to be a mixture of arsenic and jalap. The contents of the murdered man's stomach had also been analysed, and symptoms of arsenical poisoning detected.

The sentence of death having been duly pronounced upon him, Ralph Joicey was executed at Morpeth on the 18th of March, 1846.

Thomas Bewick.

THOMAS BEWICK was born on the 10th, 11th, or 12th of August, 1753, at Cherryburn, in the county of Northumberland, but on the south side of the Tyne, about twelve miles west of Newcastle. His father rented a small land-sale colliery at Mickley Bank, in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, and it is said that, when a boy, the future wood-engraver sometimes worked in the pit. When little more than an infant, he was sent to Mickley school, not so much, he tells us in his "Autobiography," with a view to his education, as to keep him out of harm's way. At a proper age he was sent as day-scholar to a school kept by the Rev. Christopher Gregson, at Ovingham, on the opposite side of the Tyne. The parsonage-house in which Mr. Gregson lived is pleasantly situated on the edge of a sloping bank immediately above the river; and many reminiscences of the place are to be found in Bewick's cuts. The gate at the entrance is introduced, with trifling variations, in three or four different subjects; and a person acquainted with the neighbourhood will easily recognise in his tailpieces several other local sketches of a similar kind. He was very fond of introducing his native cottage into his vignettes. That cottage, however, has been sadly transformed. William and Mary Howitt paid a visit to Cherryburn about thirty-five years ago, accompanied by the artist's daughter, Miss Bewick, who died only the other

year; and William, some years afterwards, contributed a long and interesting account of their pilgrimage to the weekly journal he then conducted. His account of Bewick's birth-place, as it then appeared, is as follows:—

It is a single house, standing on the south side of the Tyne, and at some distance from the river. A little rustic lane leads you up to it, and you find it occupying a rather elevated situation, commanding a pleasant view over the vale of the Tyne. The house is now a modest farmhouse, still occupied by Ralph Bewick, a nephew of the artist's; and, as Miss Bewick observed on approaching the dwelling, "May the descendants of the present possessor continue there in all time to come!" The house, in the state in which it was when Thomas Bewick passed his boyhood in it, was as humble a rural nest as any son of genius ever issued from. 'Twas a thatched cottage, containing three apartments and a dairy or milk-house on the ground floor, and a chamber above. The east end of this house was lately pulled down, and the rest is now converted into stables. The new house is a pleasant and commodious one, and the inhabitants seem to possess all the simple virtues and hospitality of the Bewicks. They spread their country cakes before us, and were glad to talk of their celebrated kinsman. They have a portrait of him in his youth hanging in their parlour. Below the house on the descending slope, lies the old garden, shrouded with trees, and a little stream running at its bottom. One felt sure that this was just the spot to attract the boyish fancy of Bewick, and, indeed, there we found a trace of his hand which marked his attachment to it, and no doubt the connection which it held in his memory with some of the pleasantest hours and sweetest affections of his youthful existence. It was the gravestone of his father and mother—one of those heavy, round-headed, and carved stones that you see so often in his designs. By some accident this stone had been broken, and his filial piety led him to erect a more modern and enlarged one to his parents, on the left hand of the path leading to the porch in the churchyard of Ovingham, when, instead of suffering it to be destroyed, he had it brought and put down here. It had a singular look in the rustic garden, but it spoke strongly of the man. He could not suffer any thing to be destroyed that had been connected with the history of life and death in his own family circle. He was fond of recording the dates of family events on his vignettes; and the curious observers, who have wondered what such a date, carved as it were on a rock or rude stone, meant, would find, if they could have the matter traced out, that it marked the passing of some domestic event of deep interest to him. Thus in the *Fables*, at page 162, this inscription in a vignette, "Died 20 Feb. 1785," is the date of his mother's death; and at page 176, "Died 15 Nov. 1785," is that of the decease of his father. It is equally interesting to know that the words at page 152 of the same volume, "O God of infinite wisdom, justice, and mercy, I thank thee," were those with which he told his family, he was accustomed to preface his petitions to the Great Disposer of events, and that they and the Lord's Prayer comprised the substance of his prayers, and seemed to him more comprehensive than human wisdom could introduce into other language, however long and wordy.

Mr. Howitt crossed the Tyne by the ferry at Eltringham, where Bewick used to cross it when he went to Mr. Gregson's school; and as the visitors approached the village of Ovingham, Miss Bewick pointed out to them the scenes which had been introduced in her father's designs, and related anecdotes

connected with the characters of his old acquaintances or others that had been made to figure in his works:—

There was the old soldier who used to tell him of his wars, and so often of the battle of Minden, that he went by the name of "The Old Soldier of Minden." On one occasion of Bewick visiting Ovingham, the old man was



THOMAS BEWICK.

dead; and as he approached the village he saw the broad hat and old veteran's coat, that had so often covered the worn limbs of his old friend, then hoisted on a pole as a scarecrow, and thus they show in one of his tailpieces. There was the drunkard that made a vow never to enter a public-house again, but used to call at the door and drink as he sat on his horse. These, and the houses where others had lived, were pointed out to us. As we drew near the village, it was like looking at one of Bewick's own scenes. It stands beautifully on the steep bank of the Tyne. Gardens clothe the banks to the water's edge, and lofty trees add the richness of their shrouding foliage to the spot. In the river you see willow islands, and those snatches of shore scenery that

are so delightful in his *Natural History*. The sandpiper and kingfisher go by with their peculiar cries; and here and there a solitary angler sits as naturally on the sedgy bank as if Bewick himself had fixed him there. The village is just such a place as you wish and expect it—quiet, old-fashioned, and retired, consisting principally of the parsonage, a few farm houses and labourers' cottages. The church is large for a village, and built in form of a cathedral. Wherever you turn, you recognise objects that have filled the imagination and employed the brain of Bewick. Those old, heavy, and leaning headstones—it was certainly on them that the boys in rush caps and wooden swords rode, acting dragoons. That gate of the parsonage you have seen before. The very churchyard is the one which is so beautifully and solemnly depicted in the silence of a moonlight night.

Bewick's school acquirements did not extend far beyond English reading, writing, and arithmetic. He tells us that as soon as he reached fractions, decimals, &c., he was put to learn Latin; and in this he was for some time complimented by his master for the great progress he had made; but, adds he, "As I never knew for what purpose I had to learn it, and was wearied out with getting off long tasks, I rather flagged in this department of my education, and the margins of my books and every space of spare and blank paper became filled with various devices or scenes I had met with; and these were accompanied with wretched rhymes explanatory of them. As soon as I filled all the blank spaces in my books, I had recourse, at all spare times, to the gravestones and the floor of the church porch with a bit of chalk, to give vent to this propensity of mind of figuring whatever I had seen. At that time I had never heard of the word 'drawing,' nor did I know of any other paintings besides the king's arms in the church, and the signs in Ovingham of the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Salmon, and the Hounds and Hare. I always thought I could make a far better hunting scene than the latter; the others were beyond my hand. I remember once of my master overlooking me while I was very busy with my chalk in the porch, and of his putting me very greatly to the blush by ridiculing and calling me a conjuror. My father, also, found a deal of fault for 'mispending my time in such idle pursuits,' but my propensity for drawing was so rooted that nothing could deter me from persevering in it; and many of my evenings at home were spent in filling the flags of the floor and the hearth stone with my chalky designs. After I had long scorched my face in this way, a friend, in compassion, furnished me with some paper upon which to execute my designs. Here I had more scope. Pen and ink, and the juice of the bramble-berry, made a grand change. These were succeeded by a camel-hair pencil and shells and colours; and, thus supplied, I became completely set up; but of patterns or drawings I had none. The beasts and birds which enlivened the beautiful scenery of woods and wilds surrounding my native hamlet, furnished me with an endless supply of subjects. I now, in the estimation of my

rustic neighbours, became an eminent painter, and the walls of their houses were ornamented with an abundance of very rude productions, at a very cheap rate. These chiefly consisted of particular hunting scenes, in which the portraits of the hunters, the horses, and of every dog in the pack, were, in their opinion, as well as my own, faithfully delineated. But while I was proceeding in this way, I was at the same time deeply engaged in matters nearly allied to this propensity for drawing; for I early became acquainted, not only with the history and the character of the domestic animals, but also with those that roamed at large."

Bewick goes on to relate his experiences in the fox-hunting field—his vermin-hunting excursions—his diversions during the winter months—his scraping acquaintance with all kinds of beasts and birds, wild and tame, common and rare—his pleasant varied avocations each season of the year—his imitations, in boyish zest, of the wild savages to be read of in "*Robinson Crusoe*"—his breaking-in vicious and runaway horses—the severe floggings he got at school for drawing instead of declining and conjugating—his card-playing in company, for which he was taken to task by a bigoted old woman, who called the cards the "devil's books"—his falling in love with Miss Betty Gregson, his master's daughter—his becoming a bee-fancier and wasp-destroyer—his walks about the neighbourhood, drinking in knowledge from the fountain-head. His account of the fell-side neighbours is extremely graphic, but too long to quote. Such capital pen and ink portraits as those he gives of Anthony Liddell, Thomas Forster, John Chapman, John Newton (the Laird of the Neuk), John Cowie, and Ben Garlic, are not to be met with every day in our literature.

As Bewick's taste for drawing seemed to his father to be incurable, it was determined to place him as an apprentice with Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver living in Newcastle, to whom, on the 1st of October, 1767, he was bound for a term of seven years. His father said to him at parting—"Now, Thomas, thou art going to lead a different life to what thou hast led here: thou art going from a constant fresh air and activity to the closeness of a town and a sedentary occupation; thou must be up in the morning and get a run." And Thomas followed faithfully, for it chimed exactly with his own bent, his father's injunction. Every morning, rain or shine, often without his hat, and his bushy head of black hair ruffling in the wind, he would be seen scampering up the street towards the country; and the opposite neighbours would cry, "There goes Beilby's fond lad." These morning excursions he kept up during his life.

Mr. Beilby was not a wood engraver; and his business in the copper-plate line was of a kind which did not allow of much scope for the display of artistic talents. He engraved copper-plates for books when any by chance were

offered to him; and he also executed brass plates for doors, with the names of the owners filled up, after the manner of the old "niellos," with black sealing-wax.

Bewick's attention appears to have been first directed to wood-engraving in consequence of his master having been employed by Dr. Charles Hutton, then a schoolmaster in Newcastle, to engrave on wood the diagrams for his "Treatise on Mensuration." The printing of this work was commenced in 1768, and was completed in 1770. The engraving of the diagrams was committed to Bewick, who is said to have invented a graver with a fine groove at the point, which enabled him to cut the outlines by a single operation. Bewick, during his apprenticeship, paid ninepence a week for his lodgings in Newcastle, and usually received a brown loaf every week from Cherryburn. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he returned to his father's house at Cherryburn, but still continued to work for Mr. Beilby. About this time he seems to have formed the resolution of applying himself exclusively in future to wood engraving; and with this view he appears to have executed several cuts as specimens of his ability. In 1775 he received a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures for a cut of the "Huntsman and the Old Hound,"

which he probably engraved when living at Cherryburn, after leaving Mr. Beilby. It was first printed in an edition of Gay's "Fables," published by T. Saint, Newcastle, 1779.

In 1776, when on a visit to some of his relatives in Cumberland, he availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the Lakes; and in after-life he used frequently to speak in terms of admiration of the beauty of the white-washed, slate-covered cottages on the banks of some of the lakes. His tour was made on foot, with a stick in his hand and a wallet on his back; and it has been supposed that in a tailpiece (to be found at page 177 of the first volume of his "British Birds," first edition, 1797), he has introduced a sketch of himself in his travelling costume, drinking out of what he himself would have called the *stipe* of his hat. In the same year he went to London, where he arrived on the 1st of October. But, after a sojourn of a twelvemonth, he returned to Newcastle, and entered into partnership with his former master, Ralph Beilby.

Bewick did not like London; and he always advised his former pupils and North-Country friends to leave the "province covered with houses" as soon as they could, and return to the country, there to enjoy the beauties of



BEWICK'S WORKSHOP, ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCHYARD, NEWCASTLE.

nature, fresh air, and content. In a letter to Christopher Gregson, he thus expresses his opinion of London life:—"Ever since you paid your last visit to the North, I have often been thinking upon you, and wishing that you would lap up and leave the metropolis, to enjoy the fruits of your hard-earned industry on the banks of the Tyne, where you are so much respected, both on your own account and on that of those that are gone. Indeed, I wonder how you can think of turmoiling yourself to the end of the chapter, and let the opportunity slip of contemplating at your ease the beauties of nature, so bountifully spread out to enlighten, to captivate, and cheer the heart of man. For my part, I am still of the same mind that I was in when in London, and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley Bank Top than remain in London, although for doing so I was to be made the Premier of England."

After his return from London to Newcastle, Bewick applied himself chiefly to engraving on wood, and he evidently improved in the art as his talents were exercised. Thus the cuts in his "Select Fables," 1784, are much inferior to those in "Gay's Fables" in 1799. The animals are better drawn and engraved; the sketches of landscape in the background are more natural; and the engraving of the foliage of the trees and bushes is not unfrequently scarce inferior to that of his most mature productions. Such an attention to nature in this respect is not to be found in any woodcuts of an earlier date. In the best cuts of the time of Durer and Holbein, the foliage is generally neglected; the artists of that period merely gave general forms of trees without

ever attending to that which contributes so much to their beauty—the particulars of minute details and individual peculiarities. The merit of introducing this great improvement, and of depicting the birds and beasts in their natural forms and with characteristic expression, is undoubtedly due to Bewick. His illustrations to the "History of Quadrupeds," and to the "History of British Birds, comprising the Land Birds," all exhibit an accuracy of observation, a brilliancy of conception, and a correctness of execution, which few subsequent masters of the art of wood engraving have reached, and none on the whole surpassed. As for the vignettes and tailpieces with which the volumes are profusely adorned, we scarcely expect ever to see anything equal to them from any other hand. "Many of these happy little embellishments," says an able critic, "are connected with the manners and habits of the animals near which they are placed; others, again, merely exhibit the fancies and dry humour of the artist, his particular notions of men and things partaking both of the droll and pathetic, as, for instance, a ragged, half-starved sheep, picking at a besom; a troop of Savoyards, weary and footsore, tugging a poor bear to the next fair; a broken-down soldier, trudging with stern patience through the slant rain storm; a poor travelling woman, looking wistfully at a mutilated mile stone; a blind old beggar, whose faithful dog stops short with warning whine on the broken plank that should have crossed the swollen brook; youngsters flying their kites; a disappointed sportsman, who, by shooting a magpie, has lost a woodcock; a horse vainly



CHERRYBURN.

endeavouring to reach the water; a bull roaring near a stile which he cannot surmount; a poor mendicant attacked by a rich man's mastiff; and so forth,—all delineatory of scenes true to nature."

Through perfecting this hitherto, comparatively speaking, neglected art, Bewick did more perhaps towards elevating the popular taste in this country for cheap illustrated literature than any other person. Before he gave a new life, vigour, and beauty to it, wood engraving was all but extinct, having ceased to be used for the embellishment of books, and being chiefly retained for the rude ornament of the most wretched songs, and the imprint of ships, the gallows, or a man running away with knob-stick and bundle, in newspapers. Bewick saw all that it was capable of, and introduced it into works of taste, the best known and most perfect specimens of which are his own *Natural Histories*. The whole public were astonished and charmed with the effect. George III., who was, according to Peter Pindar, filled with amazement at the way that the apples could have got into the dumpling, was, if possible, still more amazed at the engravings of Bewick. When they told him they were done on wood, he declared that he would not believe it till he saw the blocks.

Bewick's "*Autobiography*" abounds with beautifully suggestive passages on almost every topic that concerns humanity; for, like that oft-quoted cosmopolitan character in our old tormentor Terence, he considered nothing human alien to him. It is a book that every young man ought to read; it does equally high honour to its author's head and heart. Our readers, we think, after perusing

the following passage, will be inclined to believe, with us, that Bewick might have been a sweet poet had he not been a great engraver:—"In all the varied ways by which men of talent are befitted to enlighten, to charm, and to embellish society, as they advance through life—if they entertain the true feeling that every production they behold is created, not by chance, but by design—



OVINGHAM CHURCH.

they will find an increasing and endless pleasure in the exhaustless stores which nature has provided to attract the attention and promote the happiness of her votaries during the time of their sojourning here. The painter need not roam very far from his home, in any part of our beautiful isles, to meet with plenty of charming scenes from which to copy nature, either on an extended or a limited scale, and in which he may give full scope to his genius and to his pencil, either in animate or inanimate subjects. His search will be crowned with success in the romantic ravine, the placid holme, the hollow dell, or amongst the pendant foliage of the richly ornamented dene, or by the sides of burns which roar or dash along, or run murmuring from pool to pool through the pebbly beds; all this bordered perhaps by a background of ivy-covered hollow oaks (thus clothed as if to hide their age),—of elms, willows, and birch, which seemed kindly to offer shelter to an undergrowth of hazel, whins, broom, juniper, and heathers, with the wild rose, the woodbine, and the bramble, and beset with clumps of ferns and foxglove; while the edges of the mossy braes are covered with a profusion of wild flowers, 'born to blush unseen,' which peep out amongst the creeping groundlings—the bleaberry, the wild strawberry, the harebell, and the violet. How often have I, in my angling excursions, loitered upon such sunny braes, lost in ecstasy, and wishing I could impart to others the pleasures I felt on such occasions; but they must see them with their own eyes to feel as I felt."

In the summer of 1823, Bewick revisited London, but he found it as little to his taste as ever, and soon came home again. He was then evidently in a declining state of health, and he had lost much of his former energy of mind. Nothing could be a greater proof of this than his declining to alight for the purpose of visiting the collection of animals in the gardens of the Zoological Society, when his friend William Bulmer drove him, almost on purpose, to the Regent's Park. On his return to Newcastle, however, he appeared for a short time to enjoy his usual health and spirits. On the Saturday preceding his death, he took the block of "The Old Horse waiting for Death" to the printers, and had it proved. On the following Monday he became unwell, and after a few days' illness he ceased to exist. He died at his house on the Windmill Hills (now West Street), Gateshead, on the 8th of November, 1823, aged seventy-five.

The great engraver was buried at Ovingham. There he lies beside his wife, and his brother John, who died before he had acquired the fame to which he would have arrived, but not before he had proved that he possessed much of the genius that had so widely spread the name of his surviving brother. A square plot of ground adjoining the west end of the church is enclosed with handsome iron palisades. The graves of the deceased are covered with flat stones, and on the church wall above stand, side by side, these inscrip-

tions:—"In memory of John Bewick, engraver, who died December 5, 1795, aged 35 years. His ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man." "The burial-place of Thomas Bewick, engraver, of Newcastle. Isabella, his wife, died 1st February, 1826, aged 72 years. Thomas Bewick died 8th of November, 1823, aged 75 years."

Our engraving of Ovingham Church is copied from a charming sketch by Birket Foster, which appeared some years ago in the Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle. For permission to reproduce John Bewick's drawing of Cherryburn we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Ward and Sons, Newcastle, the owners of the copyright of Thomas Bewick's Autobiography.

Nevison the Highwayman.

By Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Campbell.



F the lives of those scoundrels who in bygone times were the terror of travellers, and were facetiously termed "knights of the road," few strike one as so remarkable as that of William Nevison, whose real name is supposed to have been John Brace, or Bracy. More than one of the strange incidents in his career have been falsely associated with Richard Turpin by writers of fiction—that is to say, if we are to take the histories of the two men as given in the old book, "Lives of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Robbers, and Murderers," as at all approaching the truth.

William Nevison was born of well-to-do parents at Pomfret, in Yorkshire, in the year 1639, and kept at school till he was thirteen, at which early age his criminal career may be said to have commenced. He thus received the rudiments of a decent education, for he was a boy of considerable talent. But he appears to have been innately vicious, and to have from childhood exhibited the ruling passion which accompanied him through life; his constant aim being to enrich himself at the expense of other people—not excepting his own father.

William commenced his depredations by stealing one of his father's silver spoons; but he was found out, and his parent, not liking to flog the boy himself, requested the schoolmaster to do so. Probably the punishment was tolerably severe. At any rate it kindled in the boy's mind a keen desire to be revenged on his elders, and he spent a sleepless night in brooding over his plan. The schoolmaster had a favourite pony, which was kept in a paddock, and William's scheme was to injure the poor teacher by taking away this pony. He therefore rose early in the morning, moved quietly into his father's

closet, stole his keys, and, having supplied himself with cash to the amount of £10, and a saddle and bridle, which he took from his father's stable, he hastened to the paddock, saddled and bridled the pony, and then rode off at full speed towards London. History does not say what halts he made on the road, but, at all events, he reached the capital at last, after—for fear of detection—cutting the throat of the poor animal a mile or two short of his destination. This act was, perhaps, the most cruel of all he ever committed as a youth. In London he changed his name, and there succeeded in obtaining employment with a brewer. Although compelled for a while to be industrious, in order to obtain the necessities of life, William's mind was always on the stretch to invent some more expeditious mode of acquiring money than the simple one of waiting for his annual pay; accordingly, he often attempted to rob his master, albeit for a long time without success. One evening, however, the brewer's clerk was drunk and asleep in the office, when William, who had been watching him, found an opportunity of robbing him of his keys, with which he opened the desks and helped himself to about £200. Then, without waiting to discover who would be blamed for the theft when the fact became known, he sailed for Holland. He was now, probably, verging into a young man, although the story of his life from which I extract the present account (given in the book I have mentioned) is generally silent as to dates.

Change of climate had no effect in changing William's nature. Through his instigation, the daughter of a respectable citizen robbed her father of a large sum of money and a quantity of jewels, and eloped with the Englishman. They were, however, pursued, taken, and committed to prison; and Nevison would certainly, then and there, have finished a short but villainous career had he not managed, somehow or other, to effect an escape. With no small difficulty he crossed into Flanders, and there enlisted into a regiment of English volunteers, under the command of the Duke of York. As a soldier he behaved himself well, and even acquired some money which might be called his own; but his restless disposition and craving for wealth did not permit him to remain long with the army. He deserted, went over to England, purchased a horse and other *highway necessities*, and commenced his depredations in a systematic form. His success as a highwayman was uncommon; every day he found means to replenish his coffers and to nourish his extravagance. Nor would he unite with any other rascal who—from selfish motives—might feel disposed to participate in William's lucrative employment.

One day Nevison (who also went by the name of Johnson), while scouring about in search of a prize, met two countrymen, who informed him that it was very dangerous for him to proceed on his way, for that the road was beset by highwaymen, three of whom had plundered them, about half a mile off—taking from them £40.

"Turn back with me," replied William, "and, my life to a farthing, I'll make the rascals return you your money." This they consented to do, and all three rode in company until they came in sight of one of the thieves. Then Nevison ordered the countrymen to halt where they were, while he rode up to the man. "Sir," said he to him, "by your garb and the colour of your horse you should be a man I'm looking after; and, if so, my business is to tell you that you've borrowed forty pounds of two of my friends, which they desire me to demand of you, and which, before we part, you must restore." "How!" cried the robber, "forty pounds! Why, the fellow must be mad!" "So mad," replied Nevison, "that if you refuse you shall die." And he thereupon drew a pistol and clapped it to the rascal's breast. Seeing that Nevison had also hold of his horse's rein, and that he could not get at either sword or pistol of his own, the thief was obliged to yield, and own that his life was at Nevison's mercy. "I don't want your life," replied Nevison, "but only the money you took from my friends." The thief was obliged to disgorge his share of the robbery; the rest of the money, he said, was with his two companions, who were further down the road. Nevison made the fellow dismount, and, taking away his pistols, left him in charge of the countrymen, who by this time had come up, while he (Nevison), mounting the captive's horse and leaving his own with the men, galloped after the other scoundrels. He soon came up with them, for they, mistaking him at first for their companion, stopped as soon as they saw him approach. It was in the middle of a common, and, possibly, after dark. Nevison quickly undeceived them respecting who he was, and told them that their comrade had sent him for the ransom of his life; adding that, if they refused to stump up, he meant to have a little dispute with them at sword and pistol. On hearing this, one of the robbers fired at Nevison, but, missing his aim, received William's bullet through the shoulder, which disabled him. Our highwayman was then on the point of shooting the other; but he called for quarter, and the affair ended in their both delivering up their money on Nevison's promising to send them their comrade. He took from them £150, rode back to the countrymen, and released their prisoner; telling them, while he restored to them their £40, to be more careful of it in future, and not to show themselves such cowards as they had been by surrendering a large sum on such easy terms.

Lawless as he was, there appears to have been some good points in Nevison's character, which were wanting in most men of his profession—notably in Dick Turpin. He was always tender with the fair sex, and bountiful to the poor. He was a true loyalist, in so far as he would never levy a contribution from a royalist.

Several remarkable highway robberies, committed by Nevison, are recorded in his history, and there were, doubtless, a host of others of lesser importance of which we have no account. One day (or, perhaps, rather one

night), he stopped the carriage of a rich Jewish money-lender, and compelled him to hand him over sixty pieces of gold. But, such a paltry sum not satisfying William, he frightened the Jew into drawing a bill upon sight for £500 on a lawyer, and then—leaving his victim on the road—galloped off to London and got the bill cashed before any advice of the robbery reached the Jew's friend. Some time afterwards he robbed a rich grazier of £450—a huge sum in those days; and then, apparently contented with the great success he had had, Mr. Nevison made up his mind to “retire from business.” Singular as it may appear, he actually carried out this resolution—at least for a time. He returned home, and was joyfully received by his father, who, it may be hoped, had not heard of all his son's exploits during the seven or eight years he had been absent from the parental roof; indeed, he had long been accounted dead. Nevison remained with his father until the old man's death, living soberly and honestly, as if no act of infamy had ever sullied his reputation. Upon the death of his father, however, he returned to his former courses, and in a short time his name was a terror to every traveller on the road. To such an extent did he carry his plans, that carriers and drovers willingly agreed to leave certain sums, at such places as he chose to appoint, to prevent their being stripped by him of all they possessed.

It seems strange, when we consider how many gentlemen of courage, and well armed, were, up to the beginning of the present century, stopped by highwaymen, that so few of these scoundrels were paid off with lead instead of gold. But it is a fact that, as a rule, they ended their unusually short lives, not by the pistol, but by the rope. Still there have been exceptional cases where the robber has met his match, and the following is one. A certain nobleman, whom I shall call Lord A. (as I forget his real name), was wont to declare that no highwayman should ever rob *him*; and it would appear that this bit of bravado got to the ears of the robbing fraternity. For, as the story goes, one night, as his lordship was travelling in a carriage, a highwayman rode up and thrust a pistol through the window before Lord A. could seize one of his own—albeit he had a brace close to his hand. Demanding his money or his life, the rascal added, sneeringly, “I think, my lord, you've declared that no highwayman should ever rob you?” “True,” replied the nobleman, looking steadily through the window, “nor should I let you rob me now, *were it not for that dark figure behind you.*” Now, there was really no such thing as a “dark figure,” but the words staggered the villain, and he involuntarily turned and glanced behind him. It was but for a moment, but that moment was enough; Lord A. raised his pistol, fired, and shot his assailant dead.

To return, however, to Nevison. Continuing his evil courses, he was at last apprehended, thrown into Leicester Gaol, put in irons, and strictly guarded. But

the management of a prison in those days was very different from what it is now, and, in spite of all the precautions taken to prevent his escape, he did escape, and in the following ingenious manner. William had certain trusty friends, and one day two or three of them were allowed to pay him a visit. One of these gentlemen was (or professed to be) a doctor; and he, after seeing William, gave out to the prison authorities that their captive had got the plague, and that if he were not removed to a larger room, where he might enjoy fresh air, he would not only perish himself, but communicate the disease to all the inmates of the gaol. This frightened the gaoler's wife immensely. Thanks to her, William was removed to a larger apartment, into which she prohibited her husband from ever entering. The prisoner and his friends had, therefore, a good opportunity of concocting their plans, and carrying out a most remarkable scheme. The “doctor” came twice or thrice a day to see his patient, and after a time declared the case hopeless. At last a painter was brought in, who painted William's body all over with spots, similar to those produced by the real plague; and a few days later—having first given his friend a sleeping draught—the “doctor” informed the gaoler that poor William was dead. There was a sort of inquest on the body, but the coroner's jury durst not approach it, so great was the fear of infection. The verdict was that the prisoner had died of the plague. On this his trusty friends at once demanded his body, and had it carried out of the gaol in a coffin. You may be sure William did not remain long in the coffin after they had got it out of sight of the prison walls.

The coffin adventure only rendered Nevison more callous and daring in vice than ever. Once more a highwayman, he renewed his depredations with increased vigour, informing the carriers and drovers who had been in the habit of paying him blackmail before his incarceration that he must now increase their “rents,” in order to refund his expenses in gaol, and his loss of time. It was at first supposed that it was Nevison's ghost who carried on the same pranks that he had done during his lifetime; but the gaoler began to doubt there being any truth in such an idea, and finally offered £20 reward to any one who should restore him his late prisoner.

Resolved to visit the capital, Nevison set out on a journey thither. On the road he met a company of canting beggars, pilgrims, and other idle vagabonds; and for some time he continued in their company. The life they led struck him as being such a merry one that, at last, he suggested their receiving him as a member of their “honourable fraternity,” on which their leader, after applauding his resolution, addressed him as follows:—“Do not we come into the world arrant beggars, without a rag upon us? And do we not all go out of the world like beggars, saving a sheet over us? Shall we, then, be ashamed to walk up and down the world, like beggars,

with old blankets pinned about us? No, no, that would be a shame to us, indeed. Have we not the whole kingdom to walk in at our pleasure? Are we afraid at the approach of quarter day? Do we walk in fear of sheriffs, bailiffs, and catchpoles? Whoever knew an arrant beggar arrested for debt? Is not our meat dressed in every man's kitchen? Does not every man's cellar afford us beer, and the best men's purses keep a penny for us to spend?"

Having by these words, as he thought, fully decided William to become a beggar, he communicated to his company their new friend's intention, at which there was universal joy. The first question put to Nevison was whether he had any *loure* in his *bung*; but he, not being well up in their slang, could not make out what they meant, until they kindly informed him they meant *money* in his *purse*. He told them he had but eighteenpence, which he would bestow on them willingly. This sum was then voted to be spent in a *hooze* to celebrate his initiation. He was then ordered to kneel down, and while on his knees was baptised with a *gag* of *booze* (i.e., a quart of drink), which was poured over his head by one of the chiefs. "I do, by virtue of this sovereign liquor, instal thee in the *Roage*," said the chief, "and make thee a free denizen of our ragged regiment. Henceforth, it shall be lawful for thee to cant, only observing these rules:—First, that thou art not to wander up and down all countries, but to keep to that quarter that is allotted thee; and, secondly, thou art to give away to any of us that have borne all the offices of the wallet before; and, upon holding up a finger, to avoid any town or country village where thou seest we are foraging for victuals for our army that marches along with us. Observing these two rules, we take thee under our protection, and constitute thee a brother of our numerous society."

The leader having ended his oration, Nevison rose up, and was congratulated by the company, who, in the words of the historian, hung about him like so many dogs about a bear, making such a hideous noise that their chief was obliged to command silence while he addressed William again, as follows:—"Now that thou art entered into our fraternity, thou must not scruple to act any villainies, whether it be to cut a purse, steal a cloak-bag or portmanteau, *convey* all manner of things, whether they be chickens, sucking-pigs, ducks, geese, or hens; or to steal a shirt from the hedge; for he that will be a *quier core* (i.e., a professed rogue) must observe these rules"—quite unnecessary advice to have given William, one would think, had he but told them who he was. "And because thou art but a novice in begging," continued the chief, "and understandest not the mysteries of the canting language, thou shalt have a wife to be thy companion, from whom thou mayest receive instruction." Thereupon the chief singled out, as a bride for Nevison, a girl of about seventeen years of age. The

idea tickled William immensely, and the two were married by the *patrico* or gipsy priest, after the following simple manner. They took a hen, and, having cut off its head, laid the dead body on the ground, Nevison being placed on one side of it and his bride on the other. This done, the *patrico*, standing by, with a loud voice, bade them live together till death did them part. Then the happy pair shook hands and kissed one another, and, the solemn ceremony being over, every one gave way to joy. Night approaching, and all the money spent, the crowd of vagabonds made for a barn not far off, where, after broaching a barrel of beer, they went to sleep. Let the reader now compare this incident of Nevison among the canting beggars with that recorded by Harrison Ainsworth of his hero Dick Turpin, in "Rookwood" (book iii. chap. 5), which resembles it so closely that we are bound to consider the author's idea to have been taken from Nevison's life.

We left Nevison in the barn. When all the other rogues were asleep, he quietly slipped out, took a horse, and posted directly away. But, coming to London, he found there was too much noise about him to permit of his tarrying there; so he returned into the country, and fell to his old pranks again. But his crimes soon became so notorious that, at last, a reward was offered to any who would apprehend him. This induced many men to waylay him, especially two brothers named Fletcher, one of whom our highwayman shot dead. Nevison, however, could not—at all events did not—long escape the fate he had done so much to deserve. He was ultimately taken by a Captain Hardcastle, for a paltry public-house robbery at Milford, near York, and sent to York Gaol, where, on the 15th March, 1684, he was tried, convicted, and finally executed on a gallows near Micklegate Bar, aged forty-five.

In a short account of this remarkable highwayman, given in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of March 7th, 1885, the following passage occurs:—"The main point of interest about the man (William Nevison) now-a-days is that he was in reality the person who performed the feat traditionally attributed to Dick Turpin; that, namely, of riding from London to York in one day. The date cannot be precisely fixed; but it was probably in the summer of 1675. He had committed a robbery in London, just before dawn, and was recognised. He made for the North at once. By sunset—say fifteen hours later—he entered York, having ridden the one mare two hundred measured miles. There he was captured and brought to trial, when it was proved that he had been seen in the bowling green at York on the evening of the same day that the robbery had been committed in London; and both judge and jury accepted this as a sufficient *alibi*, with the result that he was acquitted." But in the "Lives of the Highwaymen" no mention is made of Nevison's having performed the feat,

although it is therein stated that Turpin could not have done so. Turpin was tried but once, and then hanged.

The Ride to York.

According to Defoe, the merit of riding from London to York must be denied to Nevison as well as Turpin. The name of the highwayman was Nicks. Defoe's "Tour Through Great Britain" relates the account thus :—

From Gravesend we see nothing remarkable on the road but Gad's Hill, a noted place for robbing of seamen after they have received their pay at Chatham. Here it was that famous robbery was committed in the year 1676. It was about four o'clock in the morning when a gentleman was robbed by one Nicks, on a bay mare, just on the declining part of the hill, on the West side, for he swore to the spot and to the man. Mr. Nicks, who robbed him, came away to Gravesend, was stopped by the difficulty of the boat, and of the passage, near an hour; which was a great discouragement to him, but was a kind of bait to his horse. From thence he rode across the county of Essex, through Tilbury, Horndon, and Biterceay to Chelmsford; here he stopped about half-an-hour to refresh his horse, and give him some balls; from thence to Braintree, Bocking, Wethersfield; then over the downs to Cambridge, and from thence, keeping still the cross roads, he went by Fenny Stanton to Godmanchester and Huntingdon, where he baited himself and his mare about an hour. Then, holding on the North Road, and keeping a full larger gallop most of the way, he came to York the same afternoon, put off his boots and riding cloaths, and went dressed as if he had been an inhabitant of the place, not a traveller, to the bowling-green, where, among other gentlemen, was the Lord Mayor of the city; he, singling out his lordship, studied to do something particular that the mayor might remember him by, and accordingly lays some odd bet with him concerning the bowls then running, which should cause the Mayor to remember it the more particularly, and takes occasion to ask his lordship what o'clock it was; who, pulling out his watch, told him the hour, which was a quarter before, or a quarter after eight, at night. Some other circumstances, it seems, he carefully brought into their discourse which should make the Lord Mayor remember the day of the month exactly, as well as the hour of the day. Upon a prosecution which happened afterwards for this robbery, the whole merit of the case turned upon this single point. The person robbed swore as above to the man, to the place, and to the time, in which the fact was committed, namely, that he was robbed on Gad's Hill in Kent, on such a day, and at such a time of the day, and on such a part of the hill, and that the prisoner at the bar was the man that robbed him. Nicks, the prisoner, denied the facts, called several persons to his reputation, alleged that he was as far off as Yorkshire at that time, and that particularly, the day whereon the prosecution swore he was robbed, he was at bowles on the Public Green in the City of York; and to support this he produced the Lord Mayor of York to testify that he was so, and that the Mayor acted so and so with him there as above. This was so positive and so well attested, that the jury acquitted him on a bare supposition that it was impossible the man could be at two places so remote on one and the same day. There are more particulars related of this story, such as I do not take upon me to affirm; namely, that King Charles II. prevailed on him, on assurance of pardon and that he should not be brought into any further trouble about it, to confess the truth to him privately, and that he own'd to his Majesty that he committed the robbery, and how he rode the journey after it, and that upon this the king gave him the name or title of Swift Nicks instead of Nicks.

No doubt Mr. Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of "Rookwood" was indebted to Defoe—another proof of Mr. John Foster's statement about how much successful novelists owe to Daniel Defoe. NISBET, London.

Hexham Town and Abbey.

EVERY visitor to Hexham, with the least grain of archaeological sentiment, remarks the quaint and antique character of many of the buildings of that town. The view of the Market Place which is taken from Thomas Allom's "Westmoreland, Cumberland, Durham, and Northumberland," published by Fisher in 1833, in twenty-six quarto parts, price two guineas, shows the east side of that square, with a massive old stone building in front, now called the Moot Hall. Very little appears to be really known of the history of this ancient building. Mr. C. C. Hodges, however, thinks it gets its modern name from the fact that it was used for holding all courts pertaining to the Regality of Hexham.

The ancient house seen to the right of the square tower was called the Manor House. On the front of it, says Hutchinson, writing in 1779, "are three coats of armour in plaster-work; opinions are various as to what they denominate: the most probable is, that the dexter arms is that of the Dean and Chapter of York; the centre the cross of St. Andrew, to whom the church was dedicated; and the sinister one, being one of the *arma cantantia*, or rebussés, anciently adopted, comprehending the name of some great Churchman." "Beneath these," adds Hutchinson, "is a legend divided into three portions, which I read MA—NE—RIA—; perhaps importing the Manor House, and probably was the mansion of some of the bishops of York."

At the right hand side of Allom's plate is seen what used to be considered "a convenient piazza," covered with blue slate, the back part of which was divided into movable stalls for the butchers, while other parts served to accommodate the butter and poultry markets. This piazza was built for the use of the town by Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, Bart. It was raised against some irregular buildings, and the ruins of St. Mary's Church, of which, says Wright, "few vestiges remain." In front of the shambles, that is the piazza, stood the Pant, an octangular pillar, ornamented at the top with a small globe, and with a large oblong stone trough for the surplus water to flow into. The water was conveyed to this "fluent fountain," as Hutchinson calls it, by lead pipes, from a copious well about a quarter of a mile to the southward, and it issued from the mouths of two uncouth human figures, over which was a plate of copper, with the following inscription:—"Ex Dono Roberti Allgood Armigeri Anno D.M. 1703." Hexham Market Place has been much changed since Allom made his drawing of it. The picturesque houses then adjoining the gateway have given place to modern stone buildings; while the characteristic pant is gone.

Besides the ancient tower seen in Allom's view, another equally ancient edifice is figured on the next page. Mr.

Hodgson thinks this old building is the *Turris de Hexham* mentioned in the list of castles in 1460; and for the special purpose of an exploratory tower, its position on the brow of a hill overlooking the valley of the Tyne towards Corbridge and Newcastle was sufficiently commanding. Its walls are nine feet thick, a striking external feature being the boldly projecting corbels, which must originally have supported a platform or gallery extending round the whole of the building. Access to it was obtained through the fine old gateway, prominent in Allom's view—the Hall Gate—beneath which, as



Sydney Gibson says, "the ecclesiastical lords of Hexham, their noble visitors, and many a person of historic fame, must have passed."

Both the tower seen in the Market Place and that depicted in our smaller engraving are believed to have formed part of the ancient fortifications of Hexham. "A careful examination of the site and surroundings of these two curious buildings," says Mr. Hodges, "leads us to the conclusion that they once were in connection with and surrounded by a wall, and the space within this wall, answering to that now known as the Hall Gate, would be a bailey like those of the larger castles."

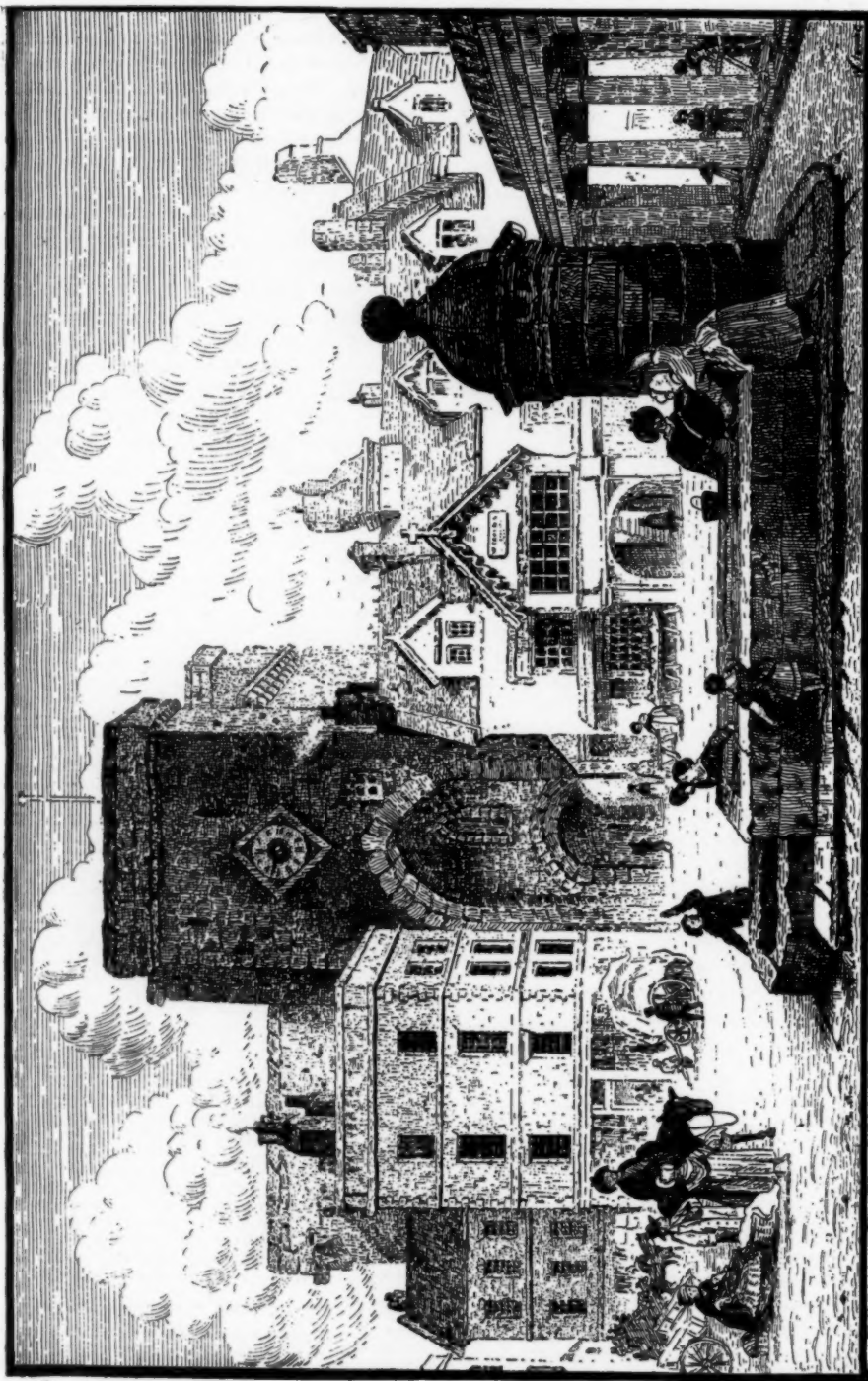
Concerning the Manor Office, a curious discovery was made some years ago. Certain repairs and alterations were in progress in the old building, when, in the uppermost apartment, there was brought to light a wooden mantel-piece on which was carved (rudely but intelligibly) a statement relative to the reasons why the tower was built, and the uses to which it was to be put. This inscription, as deciphered by the late Mr. Ralph Carr Ellison, is supposed to convey something like the following story:—As the general history of Hexham informs us, the monastery was plundered by the Scots, and a great portion of it burned to the ground. There was a kindred monastery in Yorkshire, at a place called Kirby Wiske, the monks of which, moved with a profound com-

passion for their afflicted Hexham brethren, sent efficient help in the shape of artificers and materials for building a tower which would be a place of refuge for them if they should ever be threatened with a similar disaster. The tower was duly built, and must have, in some sense, answered its purpose, as one hears no more of any hostile attempt to disturb the monastery by any free-booting raid from the North. The old mantel-piece which is presumed to convey this information was afterwards removed to Newcastle, where it was deposited in the head offices of Mr. W. B. Beaumont, the Lord of the Manor of Hexham.

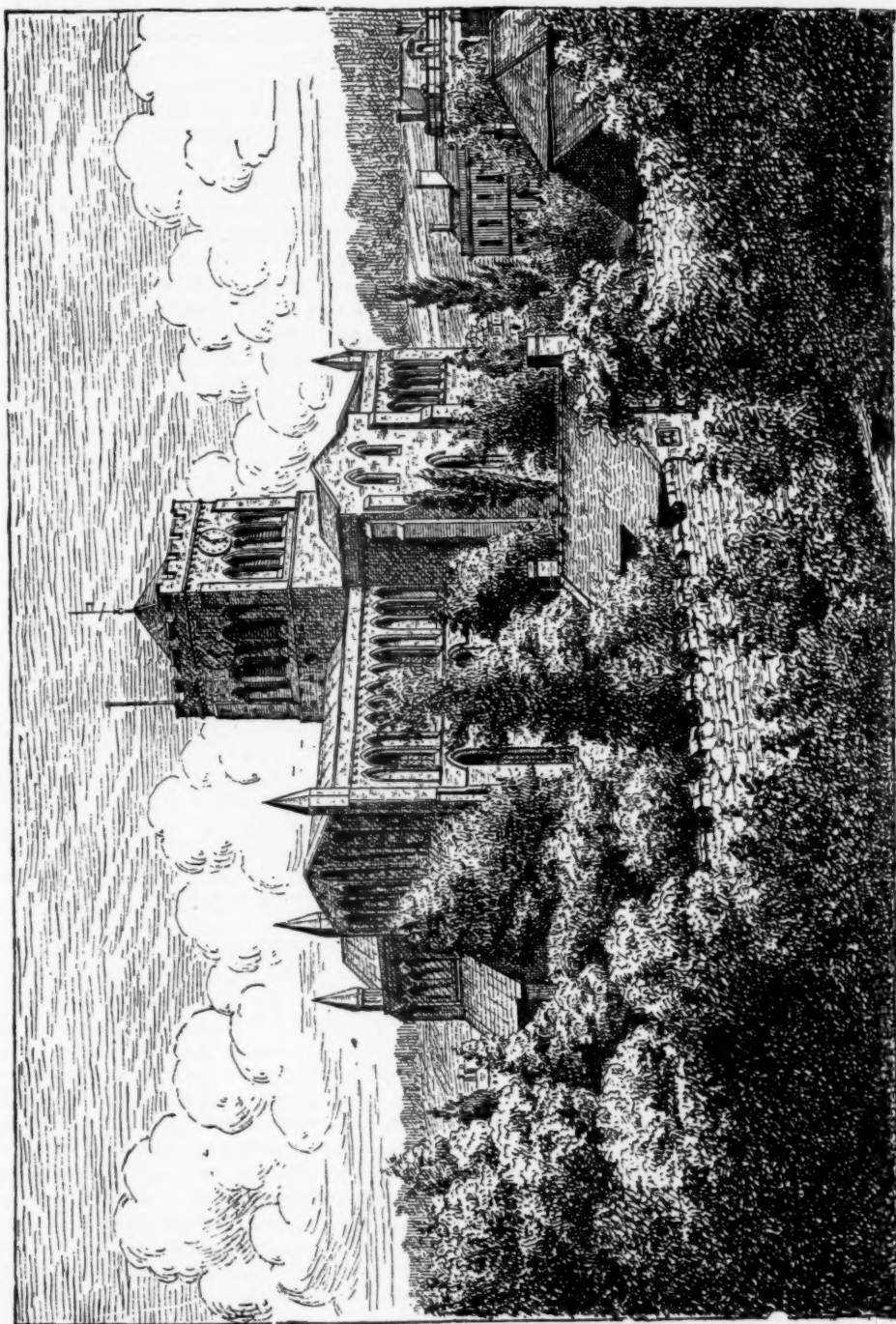
Our limited space precludes us from dealing with Hexham Abbey in that full and complete manner which so interesting a remnant of the grandeur and glory of past ages would well merit. It is said by an able archaeologist to form "the very text-book of the Early English period of Gothic architecture, as it comprises every distinctive feature that makes the style, combining a simplicity and grandeur of effect not excelled by any other edifice in the kingdom." We shall avail ourselves, for brevity's sake, of what Dr. Bruce says about it in his admirable *Wallet Book of the Roman Wall*:—

About the year 674 Bishop Wilfred built a church here. In 680 Hexham was raised to the dignity of an episcopal see, an honour which it retained, under a succession of twelve bishops, until A.D. 821. The only portion of Wilfred's building that remains is the crypt; the church itself seems to have been laid in ruins by the Danes in 867, in which state it long continued. The present church is an exceedingly beautiful specimen of the Early English style. It was probably erected at the close of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. The nave was destroyed during an incursion of the Scots in 1296, and it has never been rebuilt.* The chancel has recently been repaired and refitted with considerable care. The eastern termination has been entirely rebuilt. The Lady Chapel, which was of late decorated work, being in an exceedingly dilapidated condition, has been removed. This church had the privilege of sanctuary. The Saxon frid-stool, or seat of safety, is preserved in the church. One of the peculiar features of the church, and one which is coeval with the building, is a massive staircase at the end of the south transept. It leads to a platform which has three doorways, one going up to the bell-tower, another taking to the scriptorium over the chapter-house (the same as at Furness Abbey), and another leading to the relic and plate closet over the groined passage proceeding from the cloisters to the south side of the chancel. Mr. Longstaffe has thrown out the idea, which is exceedingly probable, that in this part of the church persons claiming the right of sanctuary were accommodated. The chancel is the earliest part of the church, and is exceedingly light and elegant. The rood-screen, which is of the later perpendicular style, will attract attention. It is covered with paintings, amongst them being several of the subjects of "The Dance of Death." In the church are preserved, though not in their original situation, the shrine of Prior Rowland Lechman, who ruled the convent between 1477 and 1499, and the tomb of Robert Ogle, who died in 1410. In the north transept is a cross-legged effigy, which is probably that of Gilbert de Umfreville, who died in 1307. Beside this effigy are two others of nearly the same date. One is that of a

* Other authorities contend, however, that there is no evidence of the destruction of the nave. Mr. Hodges, indeed, maintains that indications, both apparent and documentary, go to show that this portion of the church was never completed.



HEXHAM MARKET PLACE.



HEXHAM ABBEY.

lady with a wimple. The other is the figure of a knight, who, from his heraldic bearings—three garbs on a fess—is supposed to be one of the family of Aydon.

The original church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was erected by masons brought by St. Wilfred from Rome. Richard, Prior of Hexham, gives the following account of it, derived, of course, from older authorities, it having been in ruins in his time (A.D. 1143):—

He began the edifice by making crypts, and subterraneous oratories, and winding passages through all parts of its foundations. The pillars that supported the walls were finely polished, squares and of various other shapes, and the three galleries were of immense height and length. These, and the capitals of their columns, and the bow of the sanctuary, he decorated with histories and images, carved in relief on the stone, and with pictures coloured with great taste. The body of the church was surrounded with wings and porticos, to which winding staircases were contrived with the most astonishing art. These staircases also led to long walking-galleries, and various winding passages so contrived that a very great multitude of people might be within them, unperceived by any person on the ground floor of the church. Oratories, too, as secret as they were beautiful, were made in all parts of it, and in which were altars of the Virgin, of Michael, St. John the Baptist, and all the Apostles, Confessors, and Virgins. Certain towers and block houses remain unto this day, specimens of the inimitable excellence of the architecture of this structure. The reliques, the religious persons, the ministers, the great library, the vestments, and utensils of the church were too numerous and magnificent for the poverty of our language to describe. The atrium of the cathedral was girt with a stone wall of great thickness and strength, and a stone aqueduct conveyed a stream of water through the town to all the offices. The magnitude of this place is apparent from the extent of its ruins. It excelled, in the excellence of its architecture, all the buildings in England; and in truth there was nothing like it, at that time, to be found on this side of the Alps.

This magnificent edifice is said to have been the third stone church erected in England, and the first that was constructed with chancel and aisles. The Rev. H. H. Bishop, in his "Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles," after mentioning that Wilfred built it "according to the Roman fashion," and brought books, pictures, music, vestments, practice, and ritual from Rome, states that "in the crypt are many stones taken from the Roman station near at hand, and one which may still be seen forming the roof of a bend in one of the narrow passages has a strange interest. Once it was inscribed with the names of Caracalla and Geta, who, when their father Septimus Severus died at York in 211, became joint emperors of Rome. But Caracalla murdered Geta, and ordered that all traces of his memory should be effaced from one end of the empire to the other. And the name of Geta has been chipped out."

Down till a comparatively recent time, Hexham Abbey, as restored in the Middle Ages, was shamefully concealed and disfigured by a crowd of wretched buildings that had been suffered to nestle ignobly round it. Even pig-styes and other such erections were set up against its venerable walls. Happily, a better taste has sprung up within recent years, and these abominations of desolation have been swept away.

The Battle of Weyham.



AFTER the bloody battle of Towton, in which the Lancastrians suffered a total defeat at the hands of the Yorkists, the poor demented king, Henry the Sixth, and his clever, energetic, high-spirited, truly Amazonian queen, Margaret of Anjou, accompanied by the chiefs of their party, six in number, fled northward from York with great precipitation, first to Newcastle, then to Berwick, and subsequently into Scotland. Here they were received by the Scottish regency, and by the queen-dowager, Mary of Gueldres, in the most friendly manner, partly, perhaps, on account of the close blood-connection between the fugitive royal pair and the Scottish royal family, and partly, doubtless, because Henry had agreed to give up to the King of the Scots the town and castle of Berwick, which the English had held without any considerable interruption for the space of one hundred and twenty-eight years. The refugees managed to raise a considerable number of volunteers in Scotland, with the assistance of George Douglas, Earl of Angus, whom they had attached to their interest by the promise of a grant of English land and an English dukedom.

The volunteers were chiefly Borderers, to whom a raid into the South Country always offered a pleasant prospect, but whose usual habit it was to fight, like Hal of the Wynd, for their own hands, and who were not much to be depended on if they had an opportunity of slipping away home with a rich booty. So Queen Margaret sailed across to France, and did her best to induce Louis XI., her kinsman, to send over some more reliable military aid. But the French monarch contented himself with giving the Seneschal of Normandy, the Sieur Pierre de Brézé—an active soldier of fortune, newly returned from the Holy Land, who had incurred his displeasure somehow or other, and was then lying in prison—permission to enter into the service of the exiled Queen's father, René, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and Duke of Maine and Anjou, with the view of proceeding to England with such men as he could enlist. These recruits were principally from the broken mercenary bands of "Clippers" and "Flayers," who had, a few years before, inflicted great sufferings on the French people, seizing castles and towns, and plundering and laying waste the country at their pleasure.

After a hard passage the French general landed on the coast of Northumberland with about five hundred men at arms. He marched directly upon Alnwick, of which he got possession without a fight. The castles of Dunstanborough and Bamborough also fell into the Lancastrians' hands, and Henry, returning from Scotland and rejoining his heroic wife, held his shadowy court, in which he was now, as he had long been, only a

puppet, for some time at Alnwick. He had with him the queen's chief adviser, Henry Duke of Somerset, who had commanded in the unfortunate battle of Towton, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Kyme (Tailbois), Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of England, the Lords Hungerford, De Ros, and Moling, Humphrey de Neville, and several lords and knights of France. But the Yorkists soon collected their strength, under Sir Ralph Grey of Heaton and Chillingham, High Sheriff of Northumberland, Lord Hastings, and Sir John Howard. It seems to have been considered too great a risk to run to suffer Henry and Margaret, and their young son Prince Edward, to be shut up in Alnwick. The Sieur de Brézé, therefore, together with Lord Hungerford, was entrusted with the keeping of that castle, with a garrison of three hundred men. The Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Ros, and Sir Ralph Percy had the keeping of the castle of Bamborough, with a garrison of like number. Some others of less note kept the castle of Dunstanborough, with one hundred and twenty men. And the king and queen, with the Prince of Wales, retired to Berwick.

The siege of Alnwick, which was first undertaken, afforded the Earl of Angus an opportunity to exert himself in the service of his royal patrons. Having been appointed warden of the Scottish East March, he collected a numerous body of horse, and advanced with them very suddenly into the neighbourhood of the beleaguered fortress. Brézé, on learning his near approach, bravely sallied out with his handful of Frenchmen, and, meeting with no opposition from the besiegers, who are said, indeed, to have previously come to a secret understanding with the Scottish leader, retreated undisturbed across the Tweed. The castle was entered by King Edward's men—Robert Lord Ogle and others, knights and squires of the county—on the 30th of July, 1462.

Finding that the succours which had come from France were too inconsiderable to encourage the men of the North to join her in sufficient numbers, Margaret sailed over again to that country, in the spring of 1463, from the port of Kirkcudbright, with a convoy of four Scottish ships. Having obtained the loan of twelve thousand crowns from the Duke of Bretagne, she next procured from King Louis a further advance of twenty thousand livres, and a contingent of two thousand men, on a promise of the surrender of Calais as soon as Henry should be restored to his throne. With these troops she set sail once more for the North-East Coast of England, and landed in October at Tynemouth, with the intention of going to Newcastle; but being denied admission there, and not being strong enough to force her way, she sailed northwards, and landed near Bamborough, in the belief that the population would rise to assist her, and that she would be immediately joined by the Scottish auxiliaries. She was greatly disappointed, however, as comparatively

few Northumbrians welcomed her arrival or responded to her call to arms. Alnwick Castle, indeed, fell into her hands, either on account of the scarcity of provisions, or the treachery, as some alleged, of Sir Ralph Grey, who had been made governor of the place after the French left it in the preceding summer.

Hearing of these events, King Edward set out from London on the last day of November (St. Edward's Day), and hastened past York and Newcastle to the scene of action with a numerous army. On his approach, Queen Margaret found it necessary again to take refuge in Scotland. For this purpose she went on board the little fleet that had brought her from France, and Pierre de Brézé accompanied her with some part of his forces, leaving Lord Hungerford and his own son to keep Alnwick Castle. But, a violent tempest suddenly arising, the queen, not without danger, escaped into the port of Berwick; while Brézé was driven ashore at Holy Island, where his ships were burnt, and four or five hundred of his men were either made prisoners or killed. Brézé himself escaped in a fishing boat, which conveyed him to the queen at Berwick.

Edward, on arriving in Northumberland, finding no enemy in the field, caused siege to be laid at once to the three castles held by his enemies. The reduction of Alnwick was entrusted to the Earl of Warwick, better known as "the Kingmaker," the Earl of Kent, Lord Powis, Lord Cromwell, and Baron Greystock; that of Bamborough to the Earl of Worcester, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Ogle, and Lord Montague (Sir John Neville), Warwick's brother; and that of Dunstanborough to Lord Hastings, Lord Wenlock, and other lords—the forces under them amounting, according to Stowe's "Chronicle," to upwards of twenty thousand men. Bamborough was surrendered on Christmas Eve, and the Duke of Somerset, who had held it for Henry, but seems now to have despaired of his cause, submitted to the conqueror's mercy, and was pardoned and taken into favour, while the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Ros, and Sir Ralph Percy made their escape, or were suffered to retire into Scotland; Dunstanborough (wherein were Sir Richard Tunstal and others, with only a weak garrison) was yielded three days after; and Alnwick was taken on the 6th of January, Brézé having attempted in vain to relieve it at the head of some of his own countrymen and a considerable number of Scots.

The chronology of these events is, it must be confessed, very much embarrassed by the inconsistent accounts of the English and Scottish chroniclers, both as to persons and dates; but the above narrative is the best that can be compiled, from a diligent comparison of the chief authorities.

Once more in the following spring (1464) Margaret renewed her efforts. The ruling party in Scotland had by this time, however, concluded a fifteen years' truce with King Edward, one of the conditions being that Scot-

land should give no further assistance or countenance to Henry or his family. The Earl of Angus, in whom Margaret had placed something like implicit trust, and the queen-mother, who had been her fast friend throughout, were now both dead. Still, through the interest which she had cultivated with several of the Scottish chieftains, and the hopes entertained by the lawless Borderers of obtaining booty, owing to the license accorded to them of almost indiscriminate plundering, she was able again to enter Northumberland at the head of a numerous army—raw and undisciplined, it is true, but unexceptionably brave. She left her son Prince Edward behind at Berwick for a while, but soon afterwards sent for him, as well as for his father, now weaker than ever in both mind and body—in fact, “almost an innocent,” “too simple for a saint,” as Pope Julius afterwards said of him—in order that their presence with the army might encourage her motley followers. The traitor Sir Ralph Grey, as Edward’s party deemed him, managed to surprise the castle of Bamborough, which, as well as that of Alnwick, was in the keeping of Sir John Astley, and, having garrisoned it with Scotchmen, held it for the queen. The Duke of Somerset, animated by the accounts he received of Margaret’s numbers and successes, deserted Edward, and joined her, with some followers. Edward, alarmed by these and other defections, marched to York himself, accompanying his chief nobility and a large army. But before he got any further north, the tables had been turned on the Borders by the vigour and bravery of Lord Montague, whom Edward had, in the preceding summer, appointed warden of the Eastern March. Montague had got considerable reinforcements from the interior of the kingdom, and accordingly, though not in a position to stem the first brunt of the tumultuous inroad, he felt himself strong enough to hold the invaders in check by following them closely on their march, and watching for an opportunity to strike.

On the 15th day of April, 1464, Montague encountered a detachment of the Lancastrians under Sir Ralph Percy, with the Lords Hungerford and Ros, at a place called Hedgley Moor, not far from the little village of Bewick, on the high road between Morpeth and Wooler. Hungerford and Ros on this occasion, being apparently seized by panic, deserted Percy, who, with very different spirit, counting it disgraceful to flee, fell fighting like a lion on the field of battle, several of his faithful attendants sharing his fate. In memory of his fall there was erected, about sixty paces eastward from the road, a cross, still standing, called Percy’s Cross, bearing rude sculptures on its four sides of the armorial ensigns of the Percy and Lucy families, both of which were represented by the Northumbrian hero; and at no great distance westward is a gap called Percy’s Leap, across which Sir Ralph’s horse is said to have sprung during the engagement.

Montague was so encouraged by his success that, though further reinforcements were on their march to join him, he yet ventured with his own troops alone to attack the main body of the Lancastrians. He found the enemy encamped, “with all their power of people,” French, Scots, and Northumbrians, five thousand strong, on a piece of level ground on the south side of the Devil’s Water, between Dukesfield and the Linnels, and about three miles south-east of Hexham. After a short but bloody engagement, victory declared for him. The day (15th May, 1464) ended in the total rout of the Lancastrians, and their annihilation in the North as an organized force. Henry owed his immediate escape to the swiftness of his horse. He wandered about for twelve months among the moors of Lancashire, getting shelter and protection from some devoted followers; but he was caught at last and consigned to the Tower of London, where he remained for six years, a neglected and despised prisoner, till liberated for a little while, in 1470, by the redoubtable king-maker Warwick—the man who may truly be said to have deprived the poor king of his crown, but who now, having quarrelled with Edward, sought to reinstate the silly old man on the throne.

The queen and the young prince took refuge in the adjoining forest. Hume, copying Monstrelet, tells us she was “beset, during the darkness of the night, by robbers, who, either ignorant or regardless of her quality, despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity.” “The partition of this rich booty,” the historian adds, “raised a quarrel among the robbers; and while their attention was thus engaged, she took the opportunity of making her escape with her son into the thickest of the forest, where she wandered for some time, overspent with hunger and fatigue, and sunk with terror and affliction. While in this wretched condition she saw a robber approach with his naked sword; and, finding that she had no means of escape, she suddenly embraced the resolution of trusting entirely for protection to his faith and generosity. She advanced towards him, and, presenting to him the young prince, called out to him, ‘Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your king’s son.’ The man, whose humanity and generous spirit had been obscured, not entirely lost, by his vicious course of life, was struck with the singularity of the event, was charmed with the confidence reposed in him, and vowed not only to abstain from all injury against the princess, but to devote himself entirely to her service.” By this man’s means, Margaret dwelt for some time hid in a wretched cave, which lies in an extremely secluded situation, beneath the southern bank of the little river that runs past Dilston Castle, exactly opposite to the Black Hill farm-house. She was at last conducted to the sea coast, whence she made her escape to Sluys, in Flanders. From the Low Countries she passed to the court of her aged father at Aix, in Provence, where she

lived several years in privacy and retirement, before returning to England to create new troubles.

The Northumbrian cave in which she lay concealed still retains the name of the Queen's Cave. The roof is



supported by a pillar of rude masonry. According to tradition, the pillar forms part of a wall which divided the cave into apartments, for the accommodation of the devoted lady and her luckless son, the titular Prince of Wales, who was so cruelly murdered by King Edward and his myrmidons after the battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. According to a survey made in 1822, the cave does not exceed thirty-one feet in its greatest length and fourteen feet in breadth, while the height will scarcely allow of a person standing upright. In connection with Margaret, besides the cave, there is a small runner between Hexham and the Devil's Water, where it is said her horse fell, and which is still called "the Queen's Letch."

The battle of Hexham decided the long struggle between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, so far as the North of England was concerned.

Lord Somerset, the Lancastrian general, was taken prisoner, and decapitated at Hexham. The Lords Ros, Molins, Hungerford, Findern, and two others unnamed, were also captured, tried by a drumhead court-martial, and beheaded on the Sandhill at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, their bodies being deposited in the burying grounds attached to the convents of the Augustine and Grey Friars. The Earls of Kyme, Grey, Neville, and Richard

of Dunstable, with many others, managed to escape; but the Earl of Kyme was taken in Reedsdale a long time afterwards, and was executed at Newcastle. Humphrey Neville remained in hiding up Derwentwater, then a very wild district, for the space of five years, but was eventually taken in Holderness, and beheaded at York. Sir Ralph Grey, who had held Bamborough to the last against King Edward's besieging force, was carried captive to Doncaster, and there deprived of the honour of knighthood. The gilt spurs were hewed from his feet by the master cook, his sword and all the armour he had on were broken and taken from him, and then he, too, was beheaded.

Such of the Lancastrians as escaped from the battlefield endured misery in every shape and hue till death relieved them, or they could make their way to the Continent. As an example of how they fared when in the latter case, Philip de Comines says:—"I have seen the Duke of Exeter on foot and bare-legged after the Duke of Burgundy's train, begging his bread for God's sake: but he uttered not his name."

Two days after the Battle of Hexham, Lord Montague was, in reward for his great services, created Earl of Northumberland, and received a grant of the forfeited estates of the Percy family.

Emerson, the Mathematician.

HURWORTH, about three miles from Darlington, has the honour of having given birth to the greatest mathematician of his time, William Emerson. This truly original genius was born on the 14th of May, 1701. His father, Dudley Emerson, possessed a small estate in the parish, bringing in some sixty or seventy pounds a year, and he also kept a school, being "a tolerable master of the mathematics." The boy received at the old man's hands the elements of a good English and commercial education, and was enabled to make some little acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics through the assistance of the curate of the place, who lodged in his father's house. But so far from being attached to his books, or exhibiting any symptoms of those superior faculties which he afterwards exerted with so much energy, he was more than ordinarily careless and inattentive to the acquisition of knowledge, his only delight being rough boyish sports and pastimes.

When about twenty years of age, his mind became alive to the beauties of science. He placed himself under the ablest masters he could find in Newcastle, and afterwards in York. And after studying in these towns for some time with considerable ardour, he returned to his native place, where he continued to pursue his studies under his father's directions, and likewise assisted him in teaching. At his father's death, he attempted to continue the

school; but it did not flourish under his management, and he soon gave himself up to an uninterrupted pursuit of his mathematical studies, contenting himself, so far as income went, with his small paternal inheritance.

In the thirty-second year of his age, he married a niece of the rector of the parish, Dr. John Johnson, who was a very great man in his way, being not only rector "in his own right" (whatever that may mean), but likewise vicar of Mansfield, prebendary of Durham, domestic chaplain to Caroline Princess of Wales, and Justice of the Peace for the County of Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire. From this period we must date the commencement of Emerson's public career as a mathematician, for what he had previously done was merely for his own amusement. An incident connected with his marriage brought into prominence his hitherto latent genius, which would probably otherwise have never shown itself to the world, or led him to the composition of those works which have made his name famous. It was this: Dr. Johnson had promised to give his niece, who lived with him, five hundred pounds as a marriage portion, and, some few months after the wedding had taken place, Emerson took an opportunity to remind the worthy man of his promise. The doctor did not recollect, or did not choose to recollect, anything of the matter, and treated the mathematician with contempt. Emerson, whose patrimony, though not large, was equal to his wants, would easily have got over the pecuniary disappointment, but this contemptuous treatment stung him to the very soul. He immediately returned home, packed up his wife's clothes, and sent them off to the doctor in a wheelbarrow, saying he would scorn to be beholden to such a fellow for a single rag, and swearing at the same time that he would prove himself to be the better man of the two.

Emerson had acquired a great relish for mathematical science, which he would willingly have cultivated for its own sake, but which he had now an additional stimulus to pursue and master. With the deep fervour of a religious devotee, he set himself to conquer the whole circle of the exact sciences; and, after having carefully planned, digested, revised, and completed the work to his own satisfaction, he published, in the forty-second year of his age, his book on the Doctrine of Fluxions. The work, it is true, did not meet with immediate encouragement, coming, as it did, from an unknown hand. And most probably Emerson would have been deterred by its want of success from publishing any more, if a gentleman of the name of Montague had not happened to discern its merits, in consequence of which he procured its author the patronage of Mr. John Nourse, bookseller and optician, who, being himself skilled in the more abstruse branches of mathematics, immediately engaged Emerson to compile a regular course of them for the use of students.

Accordingly, Emerson made a journey to London in

the summer of 1763, to settle and fulfil this agreement, which was carried out faithfully on both sides. He continued afterwards to go up to the metropolis at short intervals with a contribution to a mathematical journal, or a treatise on some branch of his favourite study, which he had most studiously elaborated in his retirement at Hurworth, and which, as the sheets came from the press, he most laboriously corrected in some obscure lodging. His works, which were long considered to be the best extant upon the subjects of which they treat, constitute a series of thirteen volumes, intitled, "Cyclomathesis; or, an Easy Introduction to the Several Branches of the Mathematics." The first volume appeared, as we have said, in 1743; the twelfth and last, in 1776.

Most of these treatises, which were illustrated with numerous plates, went through several editions, some of which are now very scarce. The best known is the "Mechanics," although it by no means so well represents the range and accuracy of the author's attainments as his "Method of Increments," his "Doctrine of Fluxions," and some others of his numerous contributions to the mathematical sciences. By the strictly scientific manner in which he established the principles and demonstrated the truth of the method of Fluxions invented by Newton, he added another firm and durable support to the noble edifice of the Newtonian philosophy; and though that method is now superseded by the method of integrals and differentials, Emerson's great merit as an exponent and interpreter of it remains intact. His "Trigonometry," likewise, abounds in curious theorems, and in useful practical deductions from them, though it must be confessed the whole is unfortunately delivered in so awkward a mode of notation as to render the reading of the book tiresome.

Besides his great serial work, Emerson wrote many fugitive pieces in the *Lady's Diary*, *Miscellanea Curiosa Mathematica*, and other periodical works, sometimes under the signature Merones, formed by a transposition of the letters of his name, and sometimes under the still more whimsical one of "Philofluentimectandalgegeomas-tralongo." "Merones" remained "an unknown correspondent" for many years; but some ingenious person at last discovered his identity with Emerson, through transposing the letters. In a poem on "The Old Elm at Hurworth," in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1750, we are told how—

Beneath the shelter of the silent elm,
His native elm (to sapience still a friend)—
Merones loves, and meditates beneath
The verdure of the leaves.

"See there," adds the rhymster—

How silently he sits! and, lost in thought!
Weighs in his mind some great design! Revolves
He now his subtle Fluxions? or displays
By truest signs the Sphere's Projection wide?
Wide as thy sphere, Merones, be thy fame!

Emerson's devotion to the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton was so uncommonly strong, that every im-

pugner of that great man was treated by him as "dull, blind, bigoted, prejudiced, or mad"; for the fire and impetuosity of his temper betrayed him, when provoked by such "nincompoops," into language far distant from the strictness of mathematical demonstration.

Well skilled in the science of music, the doctrine of sounds, the various musical scales, diatonic, harmonic, major and minor, ascending and descending, ancient and modern, he was yet only an indifferent musician, though he had a most profound acquaintance with the construction and properties of musical instruments, from the sackbut and psaltery, the harp and the bagpipes, to the violin, the pianoforte, and the organ. He often tried to practise the effect of his mathematical speculations by constructing a variety of instruments, mathematical, mechanical, and musical, upon a small scale. A spinning wheel which he made for his wife is represented in his *Book of Mechanics*.

It is pretty certain that if any reward or recompense had been offered to Emerson for his scientific labours, he would not have accepted it, unless it came to him in his own way. Thus he did not wish to be admitted a member of the Royal Society, "because," he said, "it was a d—d hard thing that a man should burn so many farthing candles as he had done, and then have to pay so much a year for the honour of F.R.S. after his name; d—n them, and their F.R.S. too!"

The writer of the Memoir which was prefixed to his "*Mechanics*," published in 1825, says:—

In person, Emerson was something below the common stature, but firm, compact, well made, active, and strong. He had a good, open, expressive countenance, a ruddy complexion, a keen and penetrating eye, and an ardour and eagerness of look indicative of the texture of his mind. His dress was very simple and plain, or what by the generality of people has been called grotesque or shabby. A very few hats served him through the whole course of his life; and when he purchased one (or, indeed, any other article of dress), it was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the form and fashion of it was that of the day, or of half a century before. One of these hats, of immense superficies, had, in length of time, lost its elasticity, and the brim of it began to droop in such a manner as to prevent him from viewing the objects before him in a direct line. This was not to be endured by an optician; he, therefore, took a pair of shears, and cut it close round to the body of the hat, leaving a little to the front, which he dexterously rounded into the shape of a jockey's cap. His wigs were made of brown or dirty flaxen-coloured hair, which at first appeared bushy and tortuous behind, but grew pendulous through age, till at length it became quite straight, having, probably, never undergone the operation of the comb; and, either through the original mal-conformities of the wig, or from a custom he had of frequently inserting his hand behind it, his hind-head and wig never came into any close contact. His coat, or more properly jacket, which he constantly wore without any waistcoat, was of a drab colour. His linen came not from Holland or Hibernia, but was spun and bleached by his wife, and woven at Hurdworth, being calculated more for warmth and duration than for show. He had a singular custom of frequently wearing, especially in cold weather, his shirt with the wrong side before, and buttoned behind the neck. But this was not an affectation of singularity; he had a reason for it; he seldom buttoned more than two or three of the buttons of his jacket, one or two at the bottom, and sometimes one at the top, leaving all the

rest open. In wind, rain, or snow, therefore, he must have found the aperture at the breast inconvenient if his shirt had been put on in the usual manner. His breeches had an antique appearance, the lapet before not being supported by two buttons placed on a line parallel to the horizon, but by buttons placed in a line perpendicular to it. In cold weather he used to wear, when he grew old, what he called shin-covers. Now, these shin-covers were made of old sacking, tied with a string above the knee, and depending before the shins down to the shoe; they were useful in preserving his legs from being burnt when he sat too near the fire (which old people are apt to do); and if they had their use, he was not solicitous about the figure or appearance they might make.

This singularity of dress, together with his character for profound learning, and knowledge more than human, caused him to be considered by the ignorant and illiterate people in the neighbourhood as a wise or cunning man, or conjurer. It is related that, by virtue of a magic spell, he pinned a fellow to the top of his pear or cherry tree, who had got up with a design to steal his fruit, and compelled him to sit there a whole Sunday forenoon, in full view of the congregation going to and returning from church. That he did compel a man to sit for some time in the tree was a fact; not, however, by virtue of any magic spell, but by standing at the bottom of the tree with a hatchet in his hand, and swearing that he would hag (i.e., hew) his legs off if he came down. This opinion of his skill in the black art was of service in defending his property from such depredations; and therefore it would have been impolitic to discourage it; but he was apt to lose his patience when he was applied to for the recovery of stolen goods, or to investigate the secrets of futurity. A woman came one day to him to inquire about her husband who had gone six years before to the West Indies or America, and had not been heard of since. She requested, therefore, to be informed whether he was dead or living, as a man in the neighbourhood had made proposals of marriage to her. It was with much difficulty the supposed prophet repressed his growing fury till the conclusion of the tale; when, hastily rising from his tripod, or three-footed stool, on which he usually sat, in terms more energetic than ever issued from the shrine of Delphi, he gave this plain and unequivocal response—"D— thee for a b—h! Thy husband's gone to hell, and thou may go after him!" The woman went away, well pleased and satisfied with the answer she had got, thinking she might now listen to the proposals of her lover with a clear conscience. Emerson was by some people looked upon as an atheist, but he was as much an atheist as he was a magician.

The diet of Emerson was as simple and plain as his dress; and his meals gave little interruption to his studies, employments, or amusements. During his days of close application he seldom sat down to eat; but would take a piece of cold pie or meat of any kind in his hand, and, retiring with it to his place of study, would satisfy his appetite for knowledge and food at the same time. He catered for himself, and, when his stock of necessaries ran low, he would sling a wallet obliquely across his shoulders, and on the Monday set forward for the market at Darlington. Having provided the necessary articles, he did not always make directly homewards; for if he found good ale and company to his mind, he would sit down contented in a public-house the remainder of the day, and sometimes did not arrive at home until late on Tuesday, or even Wednesday, during which time he remained talking and disputing upon various topics—mechanics, politics, or religion; varying the scene occasionally with a beefsteak, a mutton chop, or a pan of hot cockles.

The last time he made an excursion to Darlington with his wallet, our philosopher made a figure truly conspicuous. This was the only time he ever rode thither, and he was then mounted upon a quadruped whose intrinsic value, independent of the skin, might be fairly estimated at half-a-crown. Being preceded and led by a boy, hired for that purpose, he crawled in slow and solemn state, at the rate of a mile and a half in an hour, till in due time he arrived at Darlington, and was con-

ducted, in the same state, to the great entertainment of the spectators, through the streets to the inn where he wished to refresh himself and beast. What idea Emerson himself entertained of the velocity with which the animal could move appears from this, that when a neighbour of his from Hurworth asked him, towards the evening, if he was going home, "D—n thee," said he: "what dost thou want with my going home?" "Only," said the man, "because I should be glad of your company." "Thou fool, thou!" rejoined the other, "thou'lt be at home long enough before me, man. Thou walks, and I ride!"

He was very fond of angling; and whilst he thus amused himself, he would stand up to his middle in water for several hours together. When he wrote his "Treatise on Navigation," he constructed a small vessel, in which he and some young friends embarked on the river Tees; but the whole crew got awamped so often, that Emerson, smiling, and alluding to his book, said, "They must not do as I do, but as I say."

During the greater part of his life, Emerson enjoyed strong and uninterrupted health; but as advancing years stole upon him, he suffered most excruciatingly from stone and gravel. In the agony attendant upon such a painful malady, he would crawl round the floor upon his hands and knees; sometimes praying, and at other times uttering his usual expletives, and, during his intervals of ease, devoutly wishing that the mechanism of the human frame had been so contrived that the "soul might have shaken off its rags of mortality without such a clatter-meclatter."

The following anecdote is among the many curious stories current about the eccentric mathematician:—

John Hunter was a common bricklayer, residing in Hurworth; he first became the pupil, and afterwards the friend, of Emerson, from whom, by constant association, he acquired the same brusqueness of manner which characterised his master. One day, as John Hunter was engaged in repairing the roof of Emerson's house, and the philosopher was serving him below with lime and mortar, a post-chaise drew up to the door, from which stepped out two gentlemen, who inquired if the great Mr. Emerson lived there. "Great or little, I am the man," was the answer. They stared a little, bowed, and informed him that they were a deputation from the University of Cambridge, and had brought a difficult problem which they inquired if he could solve. Casting his eye upon it for a moment, he called to his pupil on the top of the ladder, "John Hunter, come down, and do thou answer this." The mathematical mason descended from his elevation, and, after a few minutes of silent calculation, produced the answer, written with a piece of chalk upon the crown of his hat. This Emerson was about to hand, unlooked at, to the collegians, but, a little offended, they requested him at all events to revise it, on which he glanced at it for an instant, and then pronounced it quite correct. The collegians not readily understanding Hunter's solution of their problem, Emerson, impatient at their dulness, testily told them to "take the hat home with them, and return it when they had discovered the explanation."

Thomas Carlyle has left behind him a characteristic account of the mathematician. The fragment appears in a book published in 1887—the Life of Anne Gilchrist. "A strange character," writes Carlyle, "living in the country on £70 a year; his wife spinning with her distaff while her husband wrote; and, his treatise written, he would come up to London to sell it. Got bald; could not bear the idea of wearing other people's hair, so made a wig of flax and clapped it on his head. Burnt his shins with sitting close to the fire; contrived some kind of shield, which he called *skin-covers*! The Duke of Manchester took Emerson up; got him to come and live with him; offered him a seat in his carriage. Emerson

asked what did the duke want with that whim-wham? He would walk. The country people thought him a sooth-sayer. An old woman came to ask what had become of her husband (long gone away), she wishful, perhaps, to be free. 'He has been in hell these three years past.' Emerson was a freethinker, who looked on his neighbour the parson as a humbug. He seems to have defended himself in silence the best way he could against the noisy clamour and unreal stuff going on around; retreating to his mechanics and fluxions, which he knew to be real."

Emerson died on the 28th of May, 1782, in the 81st year of his age, his wife surviving him nearly two years. He was buried in Hurworth churchyard, where a monument was raised to his memory, with an inscription upon it in Hebrew and Latin, for the benefit of the few and the puzzlement of the many. In English it would read as follows:—"As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me: and why was I then more wise? That which lies buried and neglected under your feet was once William Emerson, a man of primitive simplicity, the utmost integrity, the rarest genius, a consummate mathematician. If you have read his writings, to what intent speaks this stone? If you have not read them, read them, that you may know."

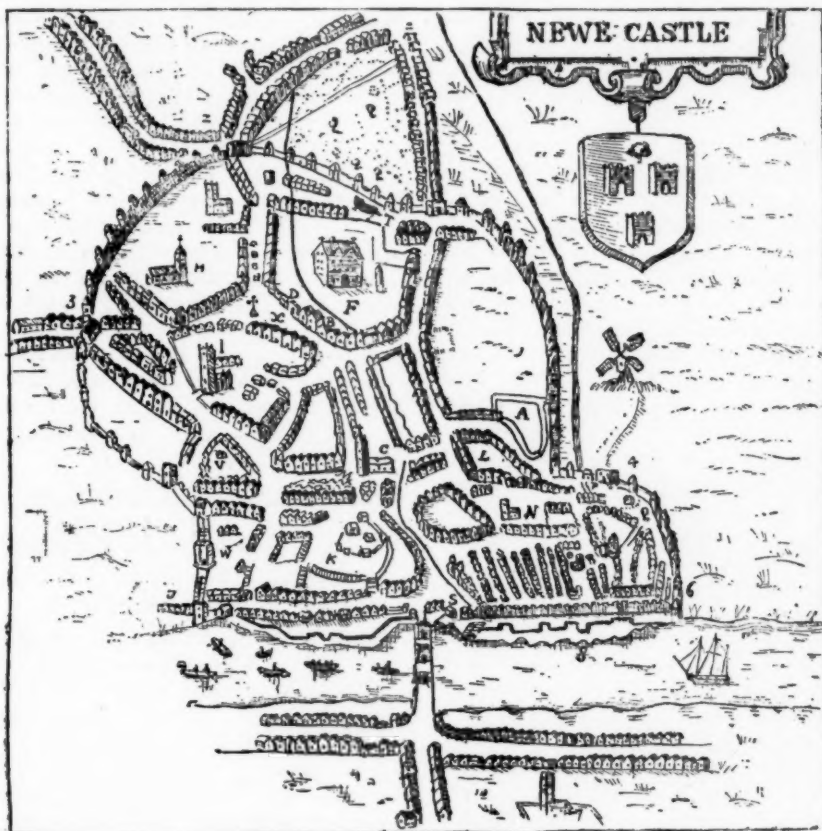


Some time before his death, Emerson had been persuaded, with much difficulty, by his friend Dr. Cloudesley, of Darlington, to sit for his portrait, which was taken by an artist named Sykes. This portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Scott Surtees, of Dinsdale, who bought it at a sale in Darlington. It is from a photograph of Mr. Surtees's picture that our own sketch is copied.

Speed's Plan of Newcastle.

JOHAN SPEED, in his "Theatre of Great Britaine," published in 1610, gives the earliest extant plan of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We produce a fac-simile copy of it, transferred from the corner of the plan that accompanies the Rev. John Brand's standard history of the town. It bears to have been "described by William Matthew," who is mentioned, Brand informs us, in an inquisition taken in the 18th year of James I. into the condition of the old Castle of that date. The limited extent of the town in those days will be seen at a glance. It had scarcely as yet begun to extend beyond the walls, which had served it so well as a defence during the long Border war times. The first locality shown on the plan is the

King's Manor, so called because the house of the Austin Friars, after the dissolution, was reserved for the King's use, for his council in the Northern Parts: hence the Manor Chare, leading from Pilgrim Street to Jesus' Hospital, and from thence to the head of the Broad Chare. The King's Lodgings most likely refers to the Knight's house on the right bank of the Lork Burn, in which King James I. was entertained at the town's expense for the best part of a week, during his progress southwards to take possession of the throne of England, on which occasion he was delighted "with the manner and beauty of the place, the bridge and key, being one of the fayreste in all the North parts," and in token of his satisfaction released all the prisoners in the gaol, "except for treason, murther, and papistrie," giving sums of money withal for the release of many that lay there for



SPEED'S PLAN OF NEWCASTLE IN 1610.

A—KING'S MANER.
B—KING'S LODGINGS.
C—GRAMMER SCHOOL.
D—THE MANNER.
E—NEWEHOUSE.
H—BLACK FRIERS.

I—SAINT JOHN'S.
K—HIGH CASTLE.
L—ALMES HOUSES.
M—SAINT NICHOLAS.
N—ALHALLOWS.

O—TRINITIE HOUSE.
P—PANDON HALL.
Q—THE WALL KNOLL.
R—THE STONE HILL.
S—THE MAISEN DEEU

T—ALMOSE HOUSES
V—WEST SPITTLE.
W—WHITE FRIERS.
X—SCOTTISH INNE.
Z—NEWE YATE.

3—WEST GATE.
4—PANDON YATE.
6—SANDGATE YATE.
7—CLOSE GATE.
8—THE KEY.

debt. The Grammar School, marked C on the plan, was situated on the north-east side of St. Nicholas's Churchyard, on a site which, as Brand periphrastically informs us, afterwards "experienced the fate of Baal's temple of old." The Manner, marked D, stood adjacent to the King's Lodgings, almost opposite to the White Crocs in Newgate Street, near the entrance to Low Friar Street, and just before coming to a row of houses which stood nearly in the middle of the street, anciently styled the Cockbourn or Cokstole Bothes, and afterwards the Hucksters' Booths, where the inmates of the religious houses and the other people in this part of the town were supplied with provisions. The Newe House (F), situated in a fine "plessaunce" on the left bank of the burn, was built in 1580 by Robert Anderson, merchant, out of the offices, and nearly upon the site, of the old Franciscan priory. It was selected for the head-quarters of General Leven, during the captivity of Charles I. at Newcastle. After several mutations of fortune, and sundry architectural increments, it was christened by its possessor, Major Anderson, Anderson Place, and under that name it existed for a good while. It afterwards became the seat of Sir Walter Blackett, and fine engravings of it when so occupied exist. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 337.) But it was demolished about fifty years ago to make way for new streets. The priory of the Black Friars, or Dominicans, marked H, occupied, with the surrounding garden grounds, most of the space just inside the town wall between the Westgate and the head of Newgate Street; and the principal entrance to it seems to have been from the latter street. St. John's Church, the High Castle, St. Nicholas's, All Hallows, and the several gates, viz., Newe Gate, West Gate, Pandon Yate, Sandgate Yate, and Close Gate, need no particular mention here. The "Almes Houses" shown on the plan consisted of several small thatched cottages, inhabited by poor religious women, not far from the King's Manor, on the west side of Pilgrim Street. They were founded about the middle of the sixteenth century by Christopher Brigham, merchant, Sheriff and twice Mayor. Pandon Hall stood inside the corner of the town wall, near the place where the wall crossed Pandon Burn. Gray, in his "Chorographia," tells us that after the departure of the Romans, the Kings of Northumberland kept their residence there, and that "it was a safe bulwarke, having the Picts' Wall on the north side, and the river of Tine on the south." The Wall Knowle, or Knoll, so called, says Bourne, from the Roman Wall going along it, still retains its old name. Brand defines it as "a street that winds up a high hill from the ancient Fisher Gate." The house or priory of St. Michael de Wall Knoll, marked O on the plan, was acquired by the Corporation of the Trinity House in 1582, and some vestiges of the old buildings, doorways, &c., still remained when Brand wrote in 1789. The Stone Hill, or Stoney Hill, was the old name of the

extension of the Cowgate to the foot of the Manor Chare. It was likewise called Duck Hill. The Maison de Dieu, Maison Dieu, or "House of God," stood on the south side of the Sandhill. It was founded about the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. by Roger Thornton, "a most opulent merchant, representative in Parliament, and great benefactor to the town," which, if tradition is correct, he entered as a young adventurer, "with a hap and a ha'penny and a lamb skin." It is the only public place or building on the Sandhill that is marked on the plan as existing in 1610. The Lork Burn, represented as passing on the east side, has long since been arched over and built upon. The West Spittle, or Spital, stood in Westgate Street, nearly opposite to St. John's Church. The original house of the Carmelite or White Friars, marked W, was in the Wall Knoll; but the rebuilding of the town wall having encroached on a part of the ground, they were permitted to move to the house of the Friars of the Sac, or of "The Penance of Jesus Christ," which stood near the foot of Westgate Street, in the place indicated by the letter V. The Scottish or Scotch Inn stood in Newgate Street, directly opposite to an old inn called the Turk's Head. Bourne describes it as an "ancient building, with a large gate," which had formerly been a piece of stately workmanship. It was the place where anciently the kings, nobility, and gentry of Scotland lodged, in time of truce or league with England. Finally, the Key or Quay, at the time this plan was executed, was bounded on the south side by the town wall, which, in this place, was perforated by a great number of small gates, called water-gates, which were ordered to be locked up every night, all except one or two, which were strictly watched till morning, for the masters and seamen to go to and from their ships.

The Streets of Newcastle.

INTRODUCTORY.



THE ancient town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne is interwoven with the political, ecclesiastical, military, and social records of the country. Shaven priests have chanted their psalms in its streets; grim soldiers have bivouacked in its impromptu barracks; kings are associated with its history, sometimes as conquerors, sometimes as captives; scholarly men have in quiet pursued their labour in seclusion at one period; fierce mobs have rejoiced, after their fashion at another, the while the red wine ran like water through its gutters. Truly, a wonderful microcosm is this good old town and county of ours. Now, its history is written in its streets; and yet it is not too much to say that many

of its inhabitants know comparatively little about them. It may not be amiss, then, for us to survey, with the mind's eye, and with the aid of patient historians of the past, some of the more interesting highways and by-ways whose pavements we so often unthinkingly tread.

We shall find much to interest, something to amuse, not a little to appal, in the record we propose. Old traditional forms may seem to start again into shadowy life. Roger Thornton, for instance, Newcastle's great benefactor in the middle ages, cannot be forgotten as we wander up and down the Westgate or study the busy life of the Sandhill. Eldon, Stowell, and Collingwood will revisit us again. Friars of all colours, black, white, and grey, will return to the scene of their former labours. The ancestors of our county families of to-day will look proudly on the quaint old shops and warehouses where they laid, by honest toil and skill, the foundations of their families' prosperity. In the mind's eye we shall note honest sportsmen carrying along our ancient streets the heads of foxes slain within one or other of the four great parishes of Newcastle, to nail them to the church-door, and receive for so doing a shilling a head. We shall discover that the great ones of the past were very human; that Bishop could wrangle with Mayor, and Mayor with the Queen's Justice of Assize; and that even the sacred person of the Town Clerk could not escape buffets at times. We shall note, moreover, that in the olden days kind hearts beat under sober coats, as well as under the gay trappings of others in authority. Unfortunately, we shall find also that the charities founded by these benevolent ones have, in some cases, been swept away for good and all. We shall wend our way in the company of pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin at Jesmond, and anon watch a melancholy procession set forth with a criminal from the Castle, by way of the Back Row, to the West Gate, there to be unceremoniously done to death. Another grim procession shall we note from time to time on its way to the Town Moor, and so giving cause for the ugly name of Gallows' Gate. Again, we shall find that our citizens of old were not averse to hard blows, and that their Mayors had enough to do to keep them in good order. We shall peep, too, into the books of the incorporated companies, and remark their quaint devices for the due ordering of trade. As we stand on the site of our ancient markets, we shall note how Acts of Parliament sought to regulate their prices in the days of old, and how unavailing all such interference was.

Especially shall we observe how certain districts of Newcastle scarce known to ears (and noses) polite were of brave reputation in the olden time. In the neighbourhood of Pandon was the burial place of the Northumbrian kings, "an acre sown with royal seed." Royalty had its temporary abode in this district when going to and from Scotland. Charles I. was for nine

months a prisoner in Pilgrim Street, whence he unsuccessfully endeavoured to make his escape, and where at last he was given up to the Scots for £400,000, whilst playing at chess. Oliver Cromwell dined at Katy's Coffee-House on the Sandhill, when going to or returning from Scotland. James II.'s statue was unceremoniously kicked into the Tyne on the arrival of William of Orange, while the coronation of George IV. was celebrated by a drunken saturnalia. We shall see, too, how the town has been gradually changed in character—by water (as at the time of the great flood in 1771); by fire (as in 1854); by the enterprise of builders; by corporate negligence; and by the advance of civilization.

In fine, it is impossible to wander through the streets of Newcastle without coming upon suggestive contrasts of the past and present. Here the Britons have congregated to stem the tide of invasion, and to receive the blessing of the Druids. Saxons and Danes have contended here. The polished Romans have left their impress here, deeply marked. The cannon of Newcastle has thundered against the legions of the Solemn League and Covenant; and fierce was the fight between the combatants. Those times are past and gone now; yet still we may not unprofitably consider from month to month, as we propose to do,

The memories and things of fame,
That do renown this city.

The Newcastle and Carlisle Railway.

GREAT interest was excited in Newcastle and throughout the adjoining district on Monday, March 9, 1835, by the opening of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. The morning proved uncommonly fine, and at an early hour numerous groups of persons were seen bending their steps in the direction of Blaydon, from which place the procession was announced to start at ten o'clock. Private carriages, coaches, and various other conveyances were put in requisition to convey the railway tourists, and the new Scotswood Road presented a gay and lively scene, which had not been equalled since the opening of that useful approach to the town. Numerous flags, with inscriptions of "Prosperity to the Railway" and other appropriate mottoes, gave gaiety and animation to the scene. At Blaydon, a large concourse of persons lined the roads and fields near the railway, and a great number of the most respectable and influential inhabitants of Newcastle assembled to witness the auspicious commencement of this great undertaking. Tickets of admission had been previously given to the shareholders and their friends for the accommodation of nearly seven hundred persons. The river poured forth its

tribute of respect to the railway, bearing on its surface the stately barge of the Corporation, with the Mayor (J. L. Hood, Esq.) and a numerous party of friends. At a quarter before eleven, the first train of carriages left Blaydon, drawn by the Rapid locomotive engine, and it was followed by the Comet engine, leading the second train, at six minutes before eleven. Both engines were made in Newcastle, the former by Messrs. Stephenson and Co., and the latter by Messrs. Hawthorn. The procession proceeded towards Hexham, at an average rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour; but, the arrangements for

supplying water being incomplete, some delay necessarily occurred. An immense assemblage of people welcomed the procession at Hexham. The visitors who had travelled on the railway were invited to partake of a cold collation provided at the Black Bull, White Hart, and Grey Bull, where the well-supplied tables presented an ample feast to upwards of six hundred guests. At twenty minutes past three, the procession left Hexham, and returned to Blaydon, one uninterrupted trip of seventeen miles, in one hour and ten minutes, without any material accident occurring to lessen the enjoyment of the day.

Men of Mark 'Twist Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Mary Astell,

POLEMICAL WRITER.

IN the seventeenth century there lived in Newcastle a family named Astell. Little note is taken of them in local history, but we know from parish records that they were persons of substance. One of the name, Thomas, was vicar of Haltwhistle in 1626, when Thomas Harriman, "clerk," who had called him "ass and fool," was brought before the High Commission Court at Durham on a charge of keeping an alehouse and being addicted to drinking. "Here lies John Astell, Esquire, and Mary his wife: she died the 17th day of March, 1633 [4], aged 73; he, the 22nd May, 1658, aged 95," is the translation of an inscription in St. John's Church, Newcastle, which was the family burying-place. And beside or above it is a rhyming epitaph to the memory of William Astell, Under-Sheriff of the town, a noted royalist, who died on the 14th September, 1658:—

Stay, reader, stay, who wouldst but canst not buy
Choice books, come read the church's library,
Which like Sybelline leaves here scattered lies
Perus'd, alas, here by men's feet that lies
In single sheets, then neatly to be bound
By God's own hand, when the last trump shall sound;
Amongst the rest glance on this marble leaf,
'Tis Astell's title page, and therefore brief.

Here lie the reliques of a man,
But who was truly Christian,
Whose sounder judgment frantic zeal
Never hurried on her wheel
Of giddy error; whose heart bled
When rebel feet cut off their head,
And great good Shepherd humbly lay
To his mad flock a bleeding prey.
Who cheerfully sustained the cross
Of all for his great Master's cross.
Triumphant Charles he's gone to see
For militant praise heav'n's victory.

Another member of the family, Ralph Astell, was a Master of Arts, and occurs as curate of St. Nicholas',

Newcastle, in 1667. Brand, quoting from Bishop Cosin's register, states that he was "suspended for bad behaviour" in 1677, and Longstaffe supplies, from the church books of Gateshead for the year before, an ominous line:—"One pint of sack when Mr. Astell preached, 1s. 2d." His burial is recorded in St. John's register, under date December 5, 1679; where also are entries of the interment of "Thomas Astell, gent.," March 5, 1674-75, "Mr. John Astell," August 6, 1676, "Peter Astell, gent.," March 21, 1678-79, "Mrs. Mary Astell," October 10, 1684, and lastly, "Mr. Peter Astell, from the Side," January 2, 1710-11.

Into this family, "about the year 1668," Mary Astell was born. Her father, "a merchant at Newcastle-upon-Tyne," gave her a good education, and "an uncle, a clergyman of the Church of England, perceiving her aptitude for learning, instructed her himself in philosophy, mathematics, and logic, and to these acquisitions she afterwards added the Latin language." Brand suggests that the benevolent uncle was Ralph, the curate of St. Nicholas'; upon which it is to be remarked that if he were her tutor, and the date of her birth is even approximately given, she must have been a precocious child, for he died when she was about eleven years old. It is stated, further, that she left Newcastle and went to London when she was twenty, "about the time of the Revolution," and for the rest of her life she resided there.

Every biographical book of reference contains some account of the life, the labours, and the character of Mary Astell, for this young Newcastle girl rose to be a famous literary woman—a writer whose trenchant pen left its mark upon current controversies, and brought her into friendship or conflict with the leading wits, divines, and philosophers of her day.

Her first publication was an anonymous treatise entitled "A Serious Proposal to the Ladies for the Advancement of their True and Greatest Interests." It made its appearance in 1694, and was followed, in 1697, by a supplementary pamphlet containing proposals "for the improvement of their minds." Dedicated to the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne, these essays developed a scheme for establishing a college in which women were to be educated, weaned from the frivolities of the sex, and preserved from the dangers of the world. It is probable the scheme would have been launched if Bishop Burnet had not interfered. That distinguished prelate thought he saw the germs of a nunnery in the proposed institution, and his disapproval marred the project; the ungenerous satire of the *Tatler* killed it outright. The town approved, doubted, sneered, and dismissed the subject.

While the "Serious Proposal" was being discussed, Mary Astell entered into a friendly controversy with a clergyman, the Rev. John Norris, rector of Bemerton, and in 1695 their correspondence was published under the title of "Letters concerning the Love of God, between the author of 'Proposals to the Ladies' and Mr. John Norris, wherein his late discourse, shewing that the love of God ought to be entire and exclusive of all other love, is cleared and justified." Her next pamphlet was a humorous effusion in defence of her sex—"A Letter to a Lady, Written by a Lady." In 1700, smarting under a more serious disappointment than Bishop Burnet had given her—the failure of a matrimonial engagement with a clergyman—she issued "An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex; being Reflections on Marriage." Attracted by Dr. D'Avenant's "Moderation a Virtue," she wrote a quarto pamphlet on "Moderation Truly Stated; or, the Occasional Conformist Justified from the Imputation of Hypocrisy," and as her arguments were considered to be unduly hard upon Dissenters, she followed them up in 1704 by issuing "A Fair Way with the Dissenters and their Patrons; not written by Mr. L—g, or any other furious Jacobite, whether Clergyman or Layman, but by a Moderate Person and Dutiful Subject to the Queen." Her loyalty and conformity were further exemplified the same year in "An Impartial Inquiry into the Causes of Rebellion and Civil War in this Kingdom, in an Examination of Dr. Kenrick's Sermon, January, 1703-4."

Replying to an attack by Lady Masham upon the correspondence with Mr. Norris, Mary Astell issued in 1705 the book by which she is best known—"The Christian Religion as professed by a Daughter of the Church of England." Whatsoever may be the defects or demerits of this elaborate work, it was generally admitted that the argumentative skill of the writer was very remarkable. There seems to have been an impression that learned ladies were not the real authors of the works issued in their name. Locke was supposed to have indited Lady Masham's treatise, and Mary Astell

attacked his philosophy in her book as if she believed the rumour. She in turn was suspected of deriving literary assistance from Bishop Atterbury; indeed "The Christian Religion," &c., was in several quarters attributed to his pen. Lord Stanhope wrote to him, "I am informed that you have put out in print a mighty ingenious pamphlet, but that you have been pleased to father it upon one Mrs. Astell, a family friend and witty companion of your wife." The suspicion was amusing, because, just before, the bishop, wincing under her criticisms, had written to a friend no very flattering account of the lady.

In 1706 Mrs. Astell published "Six Familiar Essays upon Marriage, Crosses in Love, Sickness, Death, Loyalty, and Friendship." She also wrote against Tillotson's sermon on the "Eternity of Hell's Torments," and a "Vindication of the Royal Martyr." To her pen is attributed "Barthelmy Fair, or an Inquiry after Wit" (issued originally in 1709, and republished in 1722 with the words "Barthelmy Fair" omitted), as well as other pamphlets and essays, but as she generally published anonymously it is not always easy to identify them.

In her later years she suffered from a cancer in the breast. An operation was performed, but she did not recover. "As she perceived her dissolution draw near, she gave orders for her coffin and shroud to be placed near her bed as a memento of her approaching fate. Occupied entirely by her devotions for some days previous to her death, she refused to admit to her chamber even her most intimate friends, lest they should discompose the serenity of her mind." She died on the 11th of May, 1731, and was buried at Chelsea.

Henry Atherton,

TOWN'S PHYSICIAN.

August, 1592, Paid to John Colson, surgynte, for his accustomed fee for helping to cure the mamed poore folks—granted by Mr. Maior, 40s.

February, 1593-94, Paide for the borde wages of a boy which was cutt of the stone, 4s.; paide for a strakin short [strait jacket] to him, and for sewing ytt, 16d.

April, 1594, Paide for the relief of the boy, &c., 2s. 6d.; paide and geven him to spend att his departing out of the towne, 4d.

October, 1594, Paide to a woman sargint in parte payment of 5s. for helinge 1 Anne Grensworlle of a disease, com : 2s. 10d.

These extracts from the records of the Corporation of Newcastle show that before the days of infirmaries and dispensaries the sick and suffering poor received medical and surgical assistance at the public expense. The Mayor seems to have been the municipal almoner, and his dispensing powers were elastic and comprehensive. When he commanded or "granted" a payment out of the Corporate treasury his faithful brethren honoured his bill and set down to his credit in their books of account both the sum expended and the act which prompted the expenditure.

Within no long time after the date of the entries above quoted the Mayor and burgesses found it necessary to

bestow medical charity in more systematic fashion. They added to the number of their salaried officials a "Town's Physician," whose duty it was to prescribe for the poor, and, possibly, supply them with medicine. An entry in their books, dated 1599, seems to point to the first person who held the office. "Paide to Mr. Robert Smithe, phisition, for one quarter fee due at Candlemas last, £5." He is not designated by the title which subsequent physicians bore, but he evidently was in receipt of payment for services continuously rendered in a medical capacity. About the next entry, however, there can be no doubt. "1632, Paid Mr. Henderson [Henryson] the townes phisition, his $\frac{1}{2}$ yeares stipend due at lady-day, £20."

Turning now to Brand's "History of Newcastle," we find a regular succession of official doctors serving under the Corporation down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the office merged into that of Town's Surgeon. On the death of Henryson, Samuel Rand, M.D., received the appointment. Dr. Rand was a son of James Rand, A.M., vicar of Norton, and when the Civil War broke out he took so decided a stand against the Royalists that the Corporation deprived him of his office. His displacement occurred in 1643, and the following year the House of Commons bestowed upon him the Mastership of Greatham Hospital, describing him in their journals as "a person that hath approved himself a constant friend to the cause, and suffered great losses by the enemy." He was re-admitted to be Town's Physician in 1652, but died a few months later, and was buried at Gateshead, leaving a claim upon the Corporation for arrears of salary, amounting to £320, which his nephew, William Hilton, tried to enforce.

After a lapse of six years, in 1660, Dr. George Tunstall was appointed, and held the office till 1664. Dr. Richard Luck succeeded him, and on the 17th August, 1682, the appointment was given to Dr. Henry Atherton, who had been educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, and (in 1673) incorporated at Oxford.

Dr. Atherton was a Cornishman, who, after a brief professional career at Truro, had settled in Newcastle, and added to the practice of physic the observance of great devotion to Church and King. At the time of his appointment he had written a volume of directions for a religious life, which was published in the early part of the year following, under the title of "The Christian Physician, by H. A., M.D." It was "printed by T. James for William Leach, at the Crown in Cornhill," and was issued as a small octavo in two parts, containing in all 387 pages.

Like many other learned and official personages throughout the country, Dr. Atherton could not be reconciled to the Revolution of 1688. The Vicar of Newcastle, John March, set him an ill example. It was not until the Corporation threatened to withhold his salary that Mr. March was induced to pray publicly for King

William and Queen Mary by name. But, although the vicar yielded to financial pressure, the doctor was not to be won over. He and his wife continued firm in their opposition to the new order of things. They indulged in language respecting it which, in November, 1693, brought them into the King's Bench, where their exuberant loyalty to King James was punished by a heavy fine.

The doctor's pen was busy in another direction at this time. Morton, in his "Pyretologia Pars Altera," published an account of a case of small-pox, contributed by Dr. Atherton, under date Newcastle-upon-Tyne, November 22, 1693—the month of his conviction in the King's Bench.

At Christmas, 1697, Dr. Atherton presented to the Church of All Saints a piece of communion plate, described in the inventory as the lesser flagon. Bourne, who was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, under Dr. Atherton's son Thomas, describes the doctor as "a man very knowing in his profession, and of great piety and religion." He adds that after the doctor's death the place of town's physician was disposed of "to such a number of surgeons to attend the poor as the Mayor, for the time being, thinks proper." Other historians also mention Dr. Atherton as the last person who held the office. Yet Brand informs us that he was succeeded by "Dr. Robert Grey, who must have died before March 31st, 1701, when a motion was made in the Common Council to appoint either Dr. Thomas Davison or Dr. Richard Huntley to succeed him, but without effect, for the Corporation never appointed another." A reference to the register of burials at St. Nicholas' shows how all this came about. On the 22nd January, 1699-1700, appears the entry "Mr. Henry Atherton, Dr. of Phisick and Phision of Newcastle-on-Tyne," and on the 11th March following. "Mr. Robert Grey, a practr. of Phisick and Phisition of the town—St. John's." Technically, therefore, Brand is right, and Bourne wrong. Dr. Atherton was not the last town's physician, but his successor held office for so short a time that without any material derogation from historical accuracy he may be excluded from the enumeration.

George Clayton Atkinson,

NATURALIST AND METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVER.

The art of seeing is God's gift, but its true education is active, self-helping life, grappling with nature herself, not merely with printed books about her.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Prominent among the younger men who founded the Natural History Society of Newcastle was George Clayton Atkinson. He was the eldest son of Matthew Atkinson, of the Temple Sowerby family; his mother was a Littledale, of Whitehaven; and he was born in Westgate Street, Newcastle, on the 5th of April, 1808. At Carr's Hill, in the outer suburbs of Gateshead, his father's permanent residence, and at Ovingham Vicarage, where Bewick, the engraver, had been educated half a

century earlier, his boyhood was spent. From Ovingham he was sent to St. Bee's School, and having at the Charter House completed his education he returned to Tyneside, at about the age of sixteen, to qualify himself for the more serious business of life.

From a child Mr. Atkinson had been a student of nature. His chief pleasure as a boy had been to ramble with a younger brother through the woods and pastures of the Tyne, collecting birds' eggs, insects, and whatsoever was new, curious, or interesting to an inquiring mind. As he grew up to manhood, the study of nature and natural phenomena became his principal recreation. In the development of his taste in this direction he was assisted by the personal friendship of Thomas Bewick. The venerable engraver taught the young man how to observe, and how to turn to practical account the knowledge acquired in his observations. "I used to be with him two or three times a week," wrote Mr. Atkinson, "and always met with the same cordial welcome or kind reproof for not coming more frequently." The year before he died, Bewick indulged his friend with a little bit of pleasantry which is too good to be omitted. "When I was with him one morning, after some conversation on indifferent subjects, he said 'Are you a collector of relics, Mr. Atkinson?' Scarcely knowing to what this tended, I answered in the affirmative. 'Should you like to possess one of me?' I expressed the high satisfaction I should experience in a memorial of him, and he took from the drawer of the table he was engraving at a small packet of paper, which, on being unfolded, displayed—a tooth! The paper contained the following inscription:—'I departed from the place—from the place I held in the service of Thomas Bewick, after being there upwards of 74 years, on the 20th November, 1827.' On the back was written—'Bewick's tooth. November, 1827.'"

In July, 1829, the year after Bewick's death, a circular was issued suggesting the formation of a Natural History Society in Newcastle. To that document were appended the names of Mr. Atkinson and most of the leaders in science and literature upon Tyneside. The appeal met with a hearty response, the society was founded, and Mr. Atkinson was elected a member of the committee of management, and an honorary curator of the ornithological department. At a meeting on the 15th June, 1830, Mr. Atkinson read a paper—the sixteenth of the series—selecting for his theme "The Life and Works of the late Thomas Bewick."

While the Natural History Society was shaping into form, a process of re-organisation was taking place in a well-known manufacturing establishment on the Tyne. Started at Lemington and Sugley in 1797, the Tyne Iron Company had become one of the largest concerns of its kind in the district. Mr. Atkinson, senior, was a partner; the managing owner, Mr. Charles Bulmer, lived at Deckham Hall, adjoining Carr's Hill; and there was

much friendship between the two households. When, therefore, it became advisable to settle Mr. Atkinson in business, his father purchased for him a share in the great firm at Lemington. The arrangement was in every respect satisfactory. It provided Mr. Atkinson with moderate occupation, and did not divert his mind from its natural bent towards scientific research and exploration. In 1831, the year after he entered into the partnership, he went on a tour to the Hebrides and St. Kilda, accompanied by his brothers, Richard and Isaac, and Edward Train, the artist. The following year, with William Hewitson and Edward James, he visited the Shetlands: in 1833, with William Isaac Cookson and Mr. Proctor, he explored the Lewis, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland. Of these pleasurable expeditions he wrote copious accounts, some of which are illustrated by Train, and others by the elder Richardson. One result of them is seen in the Transactions of the Natural History Society and the Catalogue of the Museum. In the former appears "A Notice of the Island of St. Kilda, by Mr. G. C. Atkinson, read January 16, 1832"; in the latter, entries of various gifts are attached to his name, all testifying to his enterprise and zeal in the department of research which he had chosen.

In 1833, on his return from Iceland, Mr. Atkinson was induced to enter into the rough-and-tumble life of the municipality of Newcastle. It was at an unusually stormy Michaelmas meeting of the burgesses in that year that he was elected to the Shrievalty, beating his opponent, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Fife, by a substantial majority. He soon found that studious habits and scholarly tastes had nothing in common with the noisy declamation of a Town Council. Into the Reformed Corporation, begun two years later, he did not venture.

Some time before his marriage, which occurred in 1840, Mr. Atkinson settled at West Denton Cottage, overlooking the Tyne, and within easy distance of Lemington and Newcastle. There and at Wylam Hall, to which he afterwards removed, he conducted a series of observations of rainfall, snowfall, and temperature, which were maintained with great patience and care for five-and-thirty years. The records of these observations appear, with other notes from his pen, in the Transactions of the Tyne-side Naturalists' Field Club, of which organisation, from its inception in 1846, he was an active member, and, in his turn, president.

One branch of natural history to which Mr. Atkinson devoted the later years of his manhood was the practice of arboriculture. He knew the trees of the four Northern Counties well, and took an especial interest in "the monarchs of the forest." All the trees of the district remarkable for their size or other peculiarities he had photographed, and by an instrument of his own devising, that could be carried in the pocket, calculated their altitudes. He studied also the timber-producing qualities of trees, was skilful in the art of ornamental turning, and

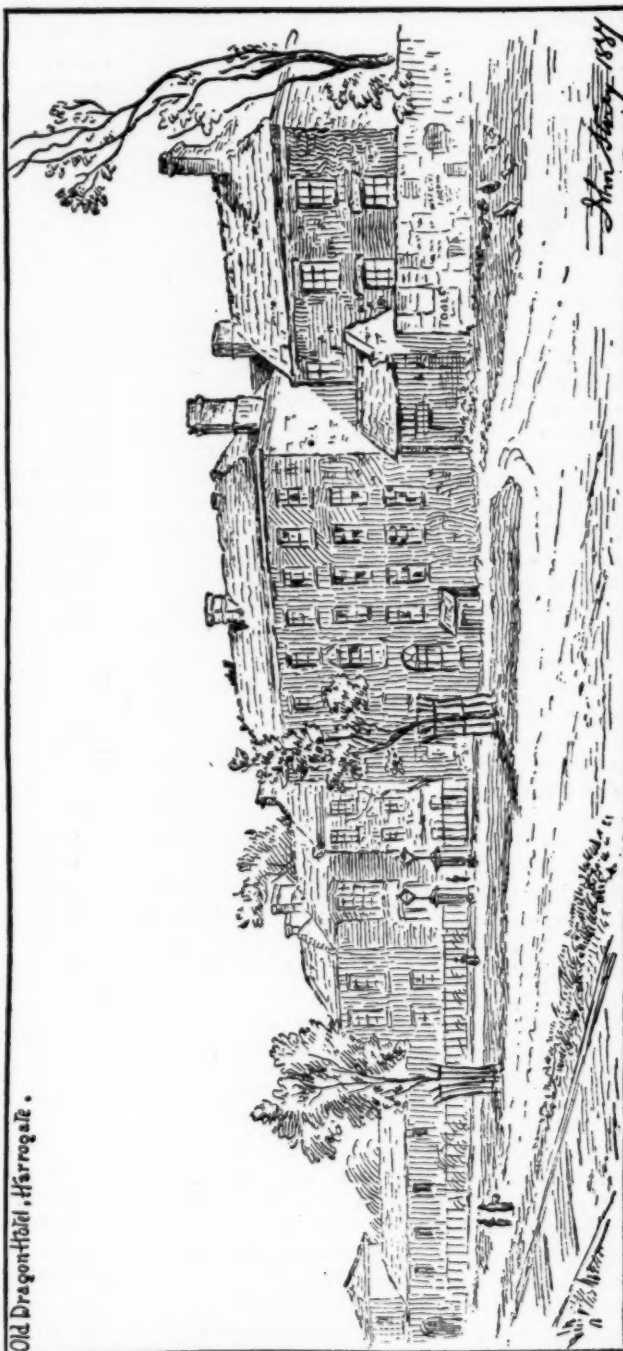
invented various improvements in the mechanism and adjuncts of that ancient and valuable machine, the turner's lathe. Nor did he neglect the art of metallurgy, with which, as an ironmaster, his industrial interests were closely identified. In this department of science he invented a ball and socket joint for the tuyeres of blast furnaces, which had previously been coupled with leather hose.

Mr. Atkinson was a magistrate of the borough of Newcastle, and a justice of the peace for the County of Northumberland. He became a director of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company in 1845, and so remained until the absorption of that line into the general system of the North-Eastern Railway Company, in July, 1862. He was also for some years a member of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, though he took no active part in the proceedings of that body.

In 1874, Mr. Atkinson removed from Wylam Hall, which he had occupied for twenty years, and came to reside in Windsor Terrace, Newcastle. There, on the 14th April, 1877, he died, and was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

The Old Dragon, Harrogate.

IN the *Weekly Chronicle* of October 22 and 29, 1887, there appeared extracts from the "Autobiography and Reminiscences" of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. It was therein stated that the Frith family removed in 1826 from the little village of Aldfield, in Yorkshire, to Harrogate, where the father of the artist became landlord of an ancient rambling inn called The Dragon. It was in this inn that Mr. Frith, as a boy, made a copy of an engraving of a dog which earned him sixpence, the promise of a similar reward for another effort, and his start in life as an artist. The father, a blunt Yorkshire worthy, but with sufficient artistic taste to appreciate the drama, had a fondness for collecting engravings. Pleased with his son's drawing of the dog, the innkeeper was inspired with the idea that young Frith might make his way in the



Old Dragonfield, Harrogate.

John Frith 1887

world through the art which he himself so much esteemed. The worthy parent lost no time in acting on this impression, and at the age of sixteen, accordingly, the lad found himself as a pupil in a London art school, on the first rung of the ladder which he was destined to climb to the summit. Interested in the story as related in the *Weekly Chronicle*, Mr. John Storey, who happened to be staying at Harrogate, went out and made the sketch which, by the kindness of the artist, we are enabled to present to our readers. The hotel has now the appearance of an old tumbledown dwelling, and the guests are principally rats, which hold high festival in the roomy cellars. Though now a perfect wreck, the grounds covered with weeds and brambles so that one can scarcely walk in them, The Dragon was once the head hotel in Harrogate, containing ninety bed-rooms and thirty sitting-rooms, with ball-room, kitchens, cellars, outbuildings, and stables. The autobiography of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, contains an interesting account of the company he met at the Old Dragon a century ago.

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

IT is intended, under this title, to continue to introduce to our readers a succession of the best and most sterling of the songs and ballads of the Border Counties, each accompanied with the original melody, in the hope that the addition of the latter feature will be an improvement which will materially add to the interest of the lyrics.

The legendary, the historical, or the domestic ballad, the strains that enliven our festivals, the love ditties of youth, the humorous song of the district, will each in due season receive attention; and as the material at command is extensive, and in some instances unique, no pains will be spared to make the series worthy of permanent preservation.

The following ballads, with music, appeared in the first volume of the *Monthly Chronicle*:—"D'ye ken John Peel?" "Hawick Common Riding Song," "The Keel Row," "Cappy's the Dog," "Jemmy Joneson's Whurry," "Elsie Marley," and "The Sword Dancers' Interlude."

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.

The Twelve Days of Christmas, extending from Christmas to Epiphany, were usually, in olden times, the days of the whole year wherein to make merry, and to frater-

nize in mirth and good fellowship, as the old song, "Drive the Cold Winter Away," has it:—

When Christmas-tide comes in like a bride,
With holly and ivy clad,
Twelve days in the year much mirth and good cheer
In every household is had.
The country guise is then to devise
Some gambols of Christmas play,
Wherein the young men do the best that they can
To drive the cold winter away.

Songs relating to festivals and customs possess a special interest not adequately measured by their poetical pretensions; and such good old carols as the "Twelve Days of Christmas," although now banished to the nursery, were formerly great favourites, and were played as forfeit games, each player in turn having to repeat the gifts of a day, incurring a forfeit for every mistake.

The music of the first and last verses only are given, and it will be observed that each verse not only celebrates the gifts of each day, which are accumulative, and requires a good memory on the part of those who make their first attempt in it as a forfeit game. The tune for each gift is the same in all repetitions, so that the last verse contains the whole of the music.



The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
A partridge on a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Three French hens, two turtle doves, and
A partridge on a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings, four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers playing, nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings,
Four colly birds, three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and a partridge on a pear tree.



This old carol was early in the century a favourite New Year's pastime in the North of England, but has almost died out of memory. Our copy of the music was originally collected by the late Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, about eighty years ago.

Notes and Commentaries.

COCKFIGHTING: "A WELSH MAIN."

What was called "a Welsh main" was a sort of grand match by which two sets of cocks were gradually brought down, by "the survival of the fittest," to a couple. Sixteen pairs of cocks were pitted against each other. The sixteen victors next fought against each other, then the eight victors, next the four conquerors fought, and lastly the two remaining birds were pitted against each other, and the surviving bird carried away the prize. In the Newcastle papers about a century ago, such disgusting contests are regularly recorded as a matter of course. Mr. Heavisides, in his "History of Stockton," says:—"In the beginning of the present century, when I resided at Darlington, there were two cock-pits at that place, one at the Hole-in-the-Wall Inn, and the other at the Talbot, then the head hotel. The latter pit was very commodious, with tiers of seats all round, which used to be well attended by Sir Harry Vane, Lord Boynton, and other sporting gentlemen. The meetings at these pits were generally held for four days; three days for battles at £10 each, and the fourth day for a battle royal or Welsh main for £100. During these four days about one hundred and thirty noble birds were murdered, amidst the horrid oaths and imprecations of those who were called gentlemen. It is well the Legislature put a stop to a practice so cruel and revolting."

CHARLES ROSS, Newcastle.

MR. RUSKIN AT WALLINGTON.

The last chapter of the second volume of Mr. Ruskin's autobiography is entitled "Otterburn." But no account of that place occurs in the text. There is, however, a reference to Wallington and Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, to whom Mr. Ruskin seems to have paid a visit about 1849-50. It may be mentioned that Paulina, Lady Trevelyan—Mr. Ruskin's Pauline—was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jermyn, and a lady of many accomplishments. She was married to Sir Walter in 1835, and died in Switzerland on May 12, 1866. Here is what the great critic has to say about Wallington:—

I have no memory, and no notion, when I first saw Pauline, Lady Trevelyan; but she became at once a monitress-friend in whom I wholly trusted (not that I ever took her advice!), and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, but was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be, in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time; but used to have happy agricultural or floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural, and celestial, life, there amidst the Northumbrian winds.

Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was; square set, and somewhat bare walled, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over,

or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to, for sight of the sweeps of moor round them, and breaths of breeze from Carter Fell.

There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and witty way; and took to me a little, like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she, in their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me, of such petting and teasing as women are good for, sometimes more than enough.

A., Newcastle.

JOHN MARTIN.

Mr. W. P. Frith, the eminent artist, mentions, in his recently published *Recollections*, John Martin as among the frequent visitors to Mr. Sass's. Martin, whose portrait was given on page 433 of the *Monthly Chronicle* for 1887, was, he says, "certainly one of the most beautiful human beings I ever beheld."

RITA, Newcastle.

HIGHEST HABITATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

"The Ordnance Survey of the County of Durham," sheet 30, shows "Manorgill House," Teesdale, as close upon 2,000 feet above mean water at Liverpool. Indeed, the 2,000 feet line seems to touch the house as represented on the sheet or map. There are other elevated houses in this locality—for instance, "Grasshill House," which is only a very few feet below the 2,000 feet line. I live in one myself which is 1,809·2 feet above sea level, and there are several others shown on this sheet higher than the old hostelry at Kirkstone Pass.

RALPH FEATHERSTONE RACE, Ashgillhead.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

MARIE STUART.

Scene: Bazaar and Exhibition at Stockton. Two women examining a doll ticketed, "dressed in the style of Marie Stuart." No. 1 loq.: "Mary Stuart? It'll be hor 'at's dressed the doll. Aa wonder whor she leeves?" No. 2, confidently: "She leeves beside the cemetery!"

A SKUNK.

A rather heated debate between two workmen occurred the other day in a manufactory on Tyneside. In the course of it one accused the other of some very mean action, and called him "a skunk." "Whaat's a skunk? Aa'll back ye divvent knaa whaat it means," said his opponent. "Aa knaa aa divvent," retorted the other, "but whativver it is, yor it!"

SHEEP AND SHEPHERD.

Not far from Barrington, Northumberland, there lived a Primitive Methodist minister. At that colliery

the men were not allowed to walk on the engine plane. One day the back-overman came upon our worthy minister walking on the forbidden plane, when the official exclaimed, "By gox! aa divvent wonder at the sheep when aa've caught the shepherd!"

THE NAVY'S FEET.

One Sunday morning, a farmer was walking down towards the Bridge of Aln, on the Alnwick and Cornhill Railway, when he saw a navy coming out of a hut with his boots on the wrong feet. The farmer addressed the navy thus: "Aa say, ma man, you've got yor buits on the wrang feet." The navy looked down, saw matters were not right, and exclaimed: "Hang'd if aa knaa, but them's the only blooming feet aa've got!"

UNCLE TOBY'S PICTURE.

On Saturday evening, November 19th, 1887, when the demand for the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* was so great, owing to the presentation of a coloured picture of Uncle Toby and His Little Friends, a gentleman entered the shop of a newsagent in Newcastle and asked the man in charge whether he had any Uncle Toby pictures left. "Noa, sor," answered the shopman; "if we had, they wad aall hev been selt, tee!"

THE KEELMAN AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A keelman, having moored alongside a French lugger, wanted a rasher of bacon cooked for breakfast, but, having no cooking utensils on board, he tried to borrow the Frenchman's gridiron in the following manner:—"Parley-voo, Francey; canny man, will ye len' us yor gridiron?" The Frenchman replied to the first query:—"Oui, oui," to which the keelman retorted: "Whe, whe, ye frog-eating beggor? wey, me, me!"

THE METEOR.

Not a hundred miles from the Blue Bridge, Seaham Harbour, in a certain cabin, a number of trimmers were discussing a meteor that had lately been seen, when one of their number asked, "Whaatan a meter was't? Was't a gas meter, or whaat?"

THE NEXT WORLD.

In a workshop, not one hundred miles from Gateshead, some men were giving their opinions about the next world. One terminated the conversation by saying, "Well, lads, if the next world is ne better than this, aa'll not gan!"

THE SOW AND THE THIRTEEN FIGS.

A young North-Country farmer had occasion to call upon a neighbour with a message from his father. On his arrival he found the family at dinner, and the young fellow, having stated his business, had then to answer the usual string of questions as to how they were all at home, how the crops were looking, and so forth. The old gentleman, who, though well-known to be wealthy, was reputed to be very stingy, omitted to ask his visitor to join them at table, so he sat talking till his budget was about exhausted. "Then ye hev nowt mair to tell us, Jack?" queried the

old farmer. "Aa think not, except it be the aad soo's pigg'd," answered the young man. "Hes't a good litter, then?" was the next question. "Thirteen; but the warst on't is, it hes ony twelve tita." "Aye," laughed the old gentleman: "whaat dis the thorteenth yen de then?" "Oh! just what aa's deen noo—sits and leuks on!"

"A HEAVY LOSS."

A worthy little man living within the proverbial fifty miles of Newcastle had, as is often the case with small men, a wife of gigantic proportions. The latter died recently, and the bereaved survivor, in reply to the condolences of a sympathetic friend, exclaimed: "Aye, hinny, it's bin a heavy loss," and proudly added in the next breath, "She weighed sixteen stane!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 2nd of November, 1887, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Henry Scholefield, merchant and shipowner, of Newcastle, died at the Ben Rhydding Hydropathic Establishment. Since 1862, he had freely identified himself with several local movements of a social and philanthropic character. In January, 1881, he entered the City Council as one of the representatives of St. Nicholas's Ward, but in November, 1886, he was compelled to resign his seat on account of continued ill-health. The deceased gentleman, who was also a zealous advocate of temperance, was seventy years of age.

On the same day, Mr. George Eli Mellor, builder, died suddenly at Stockton. Mr. Mellor was, on the 19th of April, 1887, elected a member of the Town Council of the borough, but at the annual election on the 1st November last, he was unsuccessful in his candidature. During the contest he was seized with the illness which resulted in his death.

Mr. George Ridley, who sat as one of the members of Parliament for Newcastle from February, 1856, to November, 1860, at which latter date he was appointed a Copyhold Commissioner, died at his residence in London, on the 4th of November. The deceased gentleman, who was uncle of Sir Mathew White Ridley, was sixty-nine years of age.

Dr. William Carr, an apprentice of the late Sir John Fife, and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, who had long carried on practice in Newcastle, died in that city on the 7th of November, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

On the 9th of November, Dr. John Carrick Murray, a physician formerly well known in Newcastle, and a son-in-law of Dr. G. N. Clark, of that city, died at Stranraer, whither he had removed. The deceased gentleman was fifty-four years of age.

The death was announced, on the 10th of November, of Mr. John Wood, a native of Longbenton, in Northumberland, the event having taken place at Newcastle, New South Wales, to which he had emigrated in 1854, and with the progress of which he had for many years been associated.

On the 14th of November was announced the death, which had taken place some days previously, near Darlington, of Mr. John T. Dixon, who was agent for several

estates on North Tyne and at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, and whose advice was often sought by all grades of agriculturists.

Captain Henry Bell, of Woolsington, brother of the late Mr. Matthew Bell, who was so well known as a member of Parliament for Northumberland, and as colonel of the Northumberland Yeomanry, now the Northumberland Hussars, died at his seat at Woolsington, on the 17th of November, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Captain Bell served in the 29th and 36th Regiments, and had seen some active service in India.

Mr. Joseph Young, who joined the Newcastle police force in 1836, when the old watch was in existence, and who was one of the oldest police officers in Northumberland, died on the 18th of November. The deceased was seventy-six years of age.

On the 21st of November, was received the announcement of the death, which had taken place at Launceston, Tasmania, on the 5th of October, of Mr. John Dorrian, journalist, formerly of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Commencing his professional career in Jarrow, he subsequently secured an appointment on the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. After a short sojourn in London, whither he



had removed for the benefit of his health, he returned to Newcastle, and became assistant-editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*. This position he held until the month of October, 1886, when, owing to continued illness, he emigrated to Australia. He readily succeeded in obtaining professional employment, but the expectation that the change would result in restored health was, unhappily, doomed to be disappointed. The deceased gentleman, who was only thirty-one years of age, was an accomplished journalist and a sincere and steadfast friend.

On the 24th of November, at the age of fifty-two, died

Mr. William Turner Moor, formerly cabinet-maker and builder in Newcastle. The deceased gentleman was named after the Rev. William Turner, minister of the Unitarian congregation in Hanover Square, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Moor's father.

Mr. George Smith Boggon, with one exception the oldest inhabitant of Seaham Harbour, and who had been employed under the Londonderry family during the whole period of his residence there, died on the 25th of November, at the age of seventy-eight years.

Captain Holmes, of the Allendale Company of the 1st V.B.N.F., and one of the first who joined the volunteer movement in 1859, died at Allendale Town on the 26th of November, in the seventieth year of his age.

On the 29th of November it was announced that Mr. Burt, M.P., had received a letter conveying intelligence of the death of Mr. Joseph Fairbairn, of Streator, U.S. The deceased left the neighbourhood of Bedlington for America about sixteen years ago. He lately became manager of a mine in Streator, and it was by an explosion of gas that the injuries which resulted in his death were caused. Mr. Fairbairn took a prominent part in the Northumberland Miners' Union in its earlier days.

On the 25th of November, and in the eighty-first year of his age, Mr. John Ridley, inventor of the reaping-machine usually associated with his name, died at Belsize Park, London. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Boldon, near South Shields, became a settler in South Australia shortly after the founding of that colony. Returning to this country about thirty years ago, he took up his residence at Stagshaw Hall, near Hexham.

On the 30th of November, there were buried at Easington Churchyard, the remains of Mr. Joseph Raine, farmer, of North Pierpool, near Haswell, believed to be the last survivor of those who were in some way personally associated with the visit of Lord Byron to Seaham Hall and his marriage with Miss Milbanke.

On the 3rd of December was announced the death of Mr. John Stobbs, who, a few days previously, had been found dead in bed, at his residence in London, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of several well-known Tyneside songs, such as "Tynemouth Abbey," the "Bells of St. Nicholas' Tower," etc.

On the 6th of December, at a little over ninety years of age, died Mr. John Peel, son of the huntsman of the same name immortalised in the hunting song, "D'ye ken John Peel?" which, with the music, was published in the *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 184. The deceased gentleman, who was familiarly known as "Young John Peel," died at Ruthwaite, Cumberland.

The death was announced, on the 7th of December, at the age of sixty-one, of Mr. Henry Charles Silvertop, of Ministeracres, who in 1859 was High Sheriff of Northumberland.

Mrs. Ellis, widow of Mr. Mark Ellis, mother of Mr. J. Baxter Ellis, Sheriff of Newcastle, and sister of the late Mr. Joseph Barker, theologian and politician, died at Bramley, near Leeds, on the 7th December, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mr. Henry Watson, J.P., and head of the firm of Messrs. Watson and Sons, brassfounders and engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle, died on the 12th of December. The deceased gentleman, who was seventy-one years of age, was an active supporter of the Infirmary and other philanthropic institutions.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

1.—The foundation stone of a new church to be dedicated to All Saints, was laid at Harton Colliery, by the Ven. H. Watkins, D.D., Archdeacon of Durham.

—The trial of Police-Constable Endacott at the Central Criminal Court, on the charge of perjury in connection with the arrest of Miss Cass, formerly of Stockton, ended in a verdict of acquittal.

—In Newcastle, for the first time, the annual municipal elections took place under the new arrangement which necessitated the retirement of one member from each of the sixteen wards into which the borough had recently been divided. There were contests in West All Saints', St. Nicholas', Westgate South, and Heaton Wards, the gentlemen returned in each case being Mr. W. Smith, Mr. B. J. Sutherland, Mr. Harkus, and Mr. H. Waller. The newly-created borough of West Hartlepool had its first municipal election. There were contests in all the six wards into which the town was divided, each returning three members, and the election was carried out on a political basis.

2.—At Durham Assizes, James Crane, 24, for brutally outraging a little girl at Gateshead, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. In the same court, Peter Gradon, a constable in the Durham County Constabulary, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for forgery.

3.—John Anderson, miner, for an outrage on his daughter at Bishop Auckland, was sentenced by Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, at Durham Assizes, to penal servitude for life. On the same occasion, William M'Nally, 36, labourer, was sent to penal servitude for ten years, for the manslaughter of Margaret Louigi, at Hartlepool.

—Commander Hugh C. D. Ryder, R.N., was appointed to the command of the Wellesley Training Ship in the Tyne.

—An analysis of a bridal cake, from eating of which several persons had been seized with illness at Jarrow, indicated the existence of arsenic in the icing.

—At the Durham Assizes, Mary Ann Scrafton, 46, widow, and Eliza Foxall, 26, married woman, were charged with conspiracy to murder Henry Foxall, barman, at Bishopwearmouth, and husband of the latter-named prisoner, by poisoning him, between May and September last. It was proved that Scrafton, who was a fortune-teller at Hartlepool, had supplied Mrs. Foxall with poison, which she had administered to her husband. The jury, on the second day of the trial, found both prisoners guilty of administering poison with intent to do grievous bodily harm, but recommended them to mercy. In consequence, however, of an objection raised to the validity of the indictment, sentence was postponed pending the consideration of the point.

—Patrick Gourkin, 39, glass-cutter, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude at Durham Assizes, for an outrage upon his daughter, at Gateshead. John James M'Ewen, 35, bank-manager, was on the same occasion sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for embezzlement at Jarrow.

5.—The foundation stone of a new building for the Durham College of Medicine, designed by Messrs. Dunn

and Hansom, and situated in Bath Road, Newcastle, was laid by the Duke of Northumberland, in presence of a large number of distinguished scientists,

fellow-workman, named Patrick Logan, was seriously injured, by a fall of stone in the Busby Main Seam of Tanfield Lea Colliery.



medical and otherwise, and of representatives of civic and other bodies in the district.

—The tenth series of People's Concerts was commenced in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—About 160 members of the Newcastle police force were entertained to a knife-and-fork tea, by Sir Benjamin Browne, Mayor, the remaining men being similarly treated on the 8th.

—The Newcastle cow market was transferred from Newgate Street to Marlborough Crescent.

—A Fine Art Exhibition was opened in the Borough Hall, Stockton, by the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

—Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, at Durham Assizes, sentenced Peter Toner, 36, bricklayer, to ten years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of his wife, Catherine Toner, at Felling, on the 9th of October, 1887.

6.—A body of Socialists, in compliance with a manifesto previously issued, attended service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, for the purpose of calling attention to the condition of the unemployed. A large police force was present, but the proceedings were orderly. In the afternoon a meeting was held in the Bigg Market, when some exciting speeches were delivered.

7.—The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, rector of Morpeth, was presided by his parishioners with an illuminated address and a cheque for £286, and Lady Elizabeth Grey, his wife, was presented with a gold bracelet, on the attainment of Mr. Grey's jubilee as a priest.

—Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, delivered the first of a series of temperance lectures in Newcastle, in reply to a paper by Dr. W. Murray, on "The Danger of Regular Habits."

8.—Nicholas Carr, 23 years old, was killed, while a

9.—The annual election of Mayors and other civic officials took place throughout the district, the following being the results in the boroughs of Northumberland and Durham:—Newcastle, Mayor, William Davies Stephens, Sheriff, Joseph Baxter Ellis; Morpeth, George Young; Tynemouth, George Dodds; Berwick, Alderman Darling; Gateshead, George Davidson; Hartlepool, Alderman Richardson; West Hartlepool (first election) William Gray, J.P.; Stockton, J. Kindler; Durham, Alderman Blackett; Darlington, T. T. Sedgwick; Sunderland, Edwin Richardson; South Shields, George Scott; Jarrow, Alderman John Price. At South Shields, the election was decided by the casting vote of the retiring Mayor, 14 votes each having been recorded for Mr. Scott and Mr. Mabane.

13.—A series of festival services was commenced in St. Nicholas' Cathedral, Newcastle, in celebration of the dedication of the new reredos and the completion of the east end of the church. Mr. Percy Westmacott, of the Elswick Works, had generously given £4,000 to pay for the reredos, sedilia, and screens. Mr. Robert J. Johnson was the architect. Sermons were preached morning and evening by the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson); and, it being Corporation Sunday, the Mayor (Mr. W. D. Stephens) and members of the City Council attended on the former occasion in their official capacity. The collection taken on behalf of the medical charities amounted to £169 7s. 9d.; the sum realised in the evening, £45 4s., being in aid of the Restoration Fund. The services were continued altogether over eight days, the other preachers being the Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop of Southwell; the Dean of York; the Bishop of Chester; the Bishop of Manchester; the Bishop of Sodor and Man; the Bishop of Durham; and the Bishop of Newcastle. The total collections on behalf of the Restoration Fund amounted to £370 8s. 5d., the sum required being £3,000.

13.—A small party of men, under the direction of the local branch of the Social Democratic Federation, again attended the morning service in St. Nicholas' Cathedral; and a meeting, similar to that which took place on the previous Sunday, was held in the afternoon in the Bigg Market.

15.—A plumber, named Peter Dixon, was knocked down and killed by an engine on the High Level Bridge, Newcastle.

—A fire, by which stock and property estimated at about £20,000, were destroyed, occurred in Pandon, Newcastle. It broke out in the fish-curing establishment of Mr. Tripp, and extended to Councillor T. Richardson's flour warehouse as well as to Mr. George Harle's stores beneath the warehouses. Two firemen were seriously injured.

18.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, an estimate was submitted showing the total number of persons out of employment in the city to be about 1,200, and it was decided to institute a fund upon the lines adopted the previous winter by the Board and its officers.

—Mr. John Hammond, station-master at Chevington, on the North-Eastern Railway, was accidentally killed by a passing train, while he was crossing the line at that place.

—About this time, 120 trees, presented as jubilee gifts, were planted in the grounds of St. George's Church, Cultercoats.

—The drapery establishment of Todd Brothers, Darlington, was destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at £6,000.

—A superbly executed chromo-lithograph of Uncle Toby and his Little Friends was issued as a gratis supplement to the *Weekly Chronicle* of to-day. It was found impossible to fully supply the demand, which was far in excess of what had been anticipated; and in many cases copies were sold at considerably enhanced prices by street vendors. To-day, too, the Big Book of the Dicky Bird Society, containing the names of all the children who had been enrolled as members of that great organization, was exhibited at the Art Gallery, where it attracted a large amount of attention.

—A Rotterdam steamer, the W. A. Scholten, was sunk by collision with another vessel, supposed to be the Rosa Mary, of Hartlepool, off Dover. There were on board the unfortunate steamer 214 persons, comprising crew and passengers, of whom 89 were saved by the steamer Ebro, of Sunderland. Three male passengers, named respectively Appleby, Stepney, and Robson, from Newcastle, were among the rescued.

—At a delegate meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Association, it was decided to rescind the late decision of the county with respect to the salaries of Messrs. Burt and Fenwick. (See vol. i., Sept 6, page 386, and Sept. 23, page 430.) It was also resolved to give notice to terminate the sliding scale at the end of the year.

20.—Damage to the extent of £2,000 was done by a stack-fire on the farm of the Coxlodge Colliery Company.

—William Quinn, fish curer, died at the Infirmary from the effects of injuries received through falling from the window of a house in Dog Bank, Newcastle, during an altercation with a woman named Hannah Gleeson, who was much injured at the same time.

22.—By a fire which occurred at his office in Church Way, North Shields, Mr. Henry Bailie Thompson, borough rate collector, aged 74 years, lost his life.

—An empty foy boat, bearing the name of William Dowey, of South Shields, was picked up off the Tyne; and three men, named Donkin, Sadler, and M'Gee, had been drowned.

—Lord Northbrook addressed a political meeting at Durham, and the following evening he spoke at Bishop Auckland.

23.—On this and the following day, an adjourned National Conference of Miners was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P. On the latter day a resolution was adopted, recognising the "unanimity of the districts represented" on the subject of the Edinburgh resolutions with regard to the restriction of output; but, inasmuch as South Wales and Durham were not present to take joint action with them, it was agreed to appoint a committee to seek the co-operation of those two important centres. It was further decided that negotiations should, in the meantime, be opened with the employers of the various counties asking that the alterations proposed in the Edinburgh resolutions should come into operation on January 1. The president expressed his strong opinion that restriction was unsound in principle, and impracticable.

24.—The coroner's jury which inquired into the deaths of eight men killed by the Walker Colliery explosion decided that the explosion was the result of pure accident.

25.—Formation of a Tyneside Geographical Society, with Mr. F. W. Dendy as chairman, and Mr. George Smithson as secretary.

28.—The temperance party of Tynemouth presented a tea and coffee service to Mr. George Dodds, to commemorate his election as Mayor of the borough.

—Mr. Auberon Herbert delivered a lecture in Newcastle, on "Individualism," following it up by a series of similar lectures in other parts of the district.

—At a meeting held in Newcastle, presided over by Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., and addressed by Mr. Acland, M.P., it was resolved that an association representing the manufacturing industries and educational institutions in the locality, and others interested in the question, be formed to co-operate with the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education.

—At a town's meeting held in Gateshead, to consider the condition of the unemployed, a resolution was adopted calling on the Council and the Board of Guardians to commence certain works.

29.—A reunion of temperance reformers of fifty years' standing was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle. In the afternoon, there was a conference, during the first portion of which Dr. Rutherford presided, the chair being afterwards taken by Alderman Hindmarsh, of Gateshead. Mr. George Dodds and Alderman Barkas were among the speakers. A "jubilee demonstration" was held in the evening, under the presidency of Mr. Dodds. There were present at the conference 32 who had been total abstainers for 51 years, 8 for 53, 2 for 55, 4 for 58, 2 for 60, 1 for 62, and 1 for 63 years. There were, besides, 120 who had been teetotalers from 5 to 49 years.

DECEMBER.

2.—The foundation and corner stones of the Gateshead Children's Hospital were laid by Mr. W. H. James,

M.P., Mrs. Davidson, the Hon. Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Joicey, and Mrs. Robinson.

3.—The Auckland District Jubilee Bridge across the river Wear was opened by the Bishop of Durham.

6.—The domestic chapel built at Benwell Tower, the residence of the Bishop of Newcastle, was opened by the Bishop of Lincoln.

7.—A new bridge over the river Tweed, at Norham, erected at a cost of £10,000, was opened by Mr. John Craster, chairman of the Tweed Bridges Trustees.

10.—A six-days' bicycle contest in Newcastle ended in Battensby, of Blyth, having accomplished 792 miles 3 laps, and Young, of Glasgow, one lap less.

12.—A new tombstone over the grave of John Cunningham, the pastoral poet, in St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle, to replace the worn-out memorial originally erected by Mr. Thomas Slack, founder of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, to which the poet was a frequent contributor, was unveiled by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin. The expense of the stone had been defrayed by public subscription, the



movement having been initiated by Mr. John Robinson, assisted by Mr. Wm. Lyall, of the Literary and Philosophical Society. An address was also delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Bruce, and letters of apology for absence were read from Sir M. W. Ridley, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Cowen. Memorial trees were afterwards planted round the poet's grave by Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Bruce, the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. J. Baxter Ellis), and Councillor William Smith.

—A Liberal conference in the afternoon, and a public meeting at night, were held at Sunderland, both gatherings being addressed by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, M.P.

General Occurrences.

NOVEMBER.

10.—A warrant having been issued by the Government for the arrest of Mr. Pyne, M.P., that gentleman fortified himself in his castle at Lisfinny, Ireland, and there defied the authorities for several weeks.

12.—Four Anarchists, named Parsons, Engel, Spies, and Fischer, were hanged at Chicago, U.S. Another condemned Anarchist, named Lingg, committed suicide in his cell a few days previously by exploding a fulminating shell in his mouth.

13.—On this day, two French aeronauts, MM. L'Hoste and Mango, 28 and 20 years of age respectively, ascended in a balloon from Paris. After successfully descending and landing a passenger at Quillebeuf, near Honfleur, one hundred and fourteen miles from Paris, they restarted at noon, crossing over Tancarville and Cape d'Antifer, north of Havre. At one they were passed by the steamer *Georgette*, forty-two miles from Dieppe, and at half-past four were sighted somewhere off the Isle of Wight by the steamer *Prince Leopold*, from Newcastle for Lisbon, since which time they have not been seen.

—Serious riots occurred in London. Sir Charles Warren, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, having issued an order prohibiting the holding of meetings in Trafalgar Square, a large body of police was placed on duty in the neighbourhood. An attempt was, nevertheless, made to hold a meeting at one o'clock p.m., the ostensible purpose being to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. O'Brien, M.P. The police interfered, and some desperate fighting took place. Shortly after four o'clock p.m., bodies of the 1st Life Guards and Grenadier Guards put in an appearance and cleared the square. Many persons were arrested, including Mr. Cunningham Grahame, M.P., and John Burns, a well-known Socialist. Conflicts with the police took place in other parts of London.

14.—Alarming reports of the condition of the Crown Prince of Germany were received about this time. His Imperial Highness's complaint being cancer in the throat, much concern was felt throughout Europe.

17.—Valentine Baker Pasha died at Tel-el-Kebir of fever, aged 62 years.

22.—Intelligence was received that the menagerie of Mr. P. T. Barnum, the American showman, had been destroyed by fire at Bridgeport, Connecticut. Three elephants, all the lions, tigers, and other quadrupeds, all the trained animals, stallions, ponies, &c., and a large number of monkeys and cats, perished in the flames. The loss was estimated at 700,000 dollars.

DECEMBER.

2.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin was committed to prison for publishing in the *Nation*, of which he is proprietor, reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League.

—M. Jules Grévy, President of the French Republic, announced his resignation. The same day the National Assembly proceeded to the election of a new President. M. Sadi Carnot, grandson of the "organizer of victory," was chosen by a large majority.

10.—A desperate attempt was made by a man named Aubertin to assassinate M. Jules Ferry in the lobby of the French Chamber. Aubertin fired three shots from a revolver. One of the bullets missed; the others struck M. Ferry, but only produced contused wounds.